

THE
SICK MAN'S EMPLOY :
OR,
VIEWS
OF
DEATH AND ETERNITY REALISED,
OCCASIONED BY A
VIOLENT FIT OF THE STONE.
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES
FOR THE
AFFLICTED.

BY JOHN FAWCETT, A. M.

We claim acquaintance with the skies,
Upwards our spirits hourly rise,
And there our thoughts employ :
When God shall sign our grand release,
We are no strangers to the place,
The business, or the joy.

Dr. Watts's Hor. Lyr.

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD, O ISRAEL !

DEBEMUR MORTI NOS, NOSTRAQUE.

Hor.

A NEW EDITION.

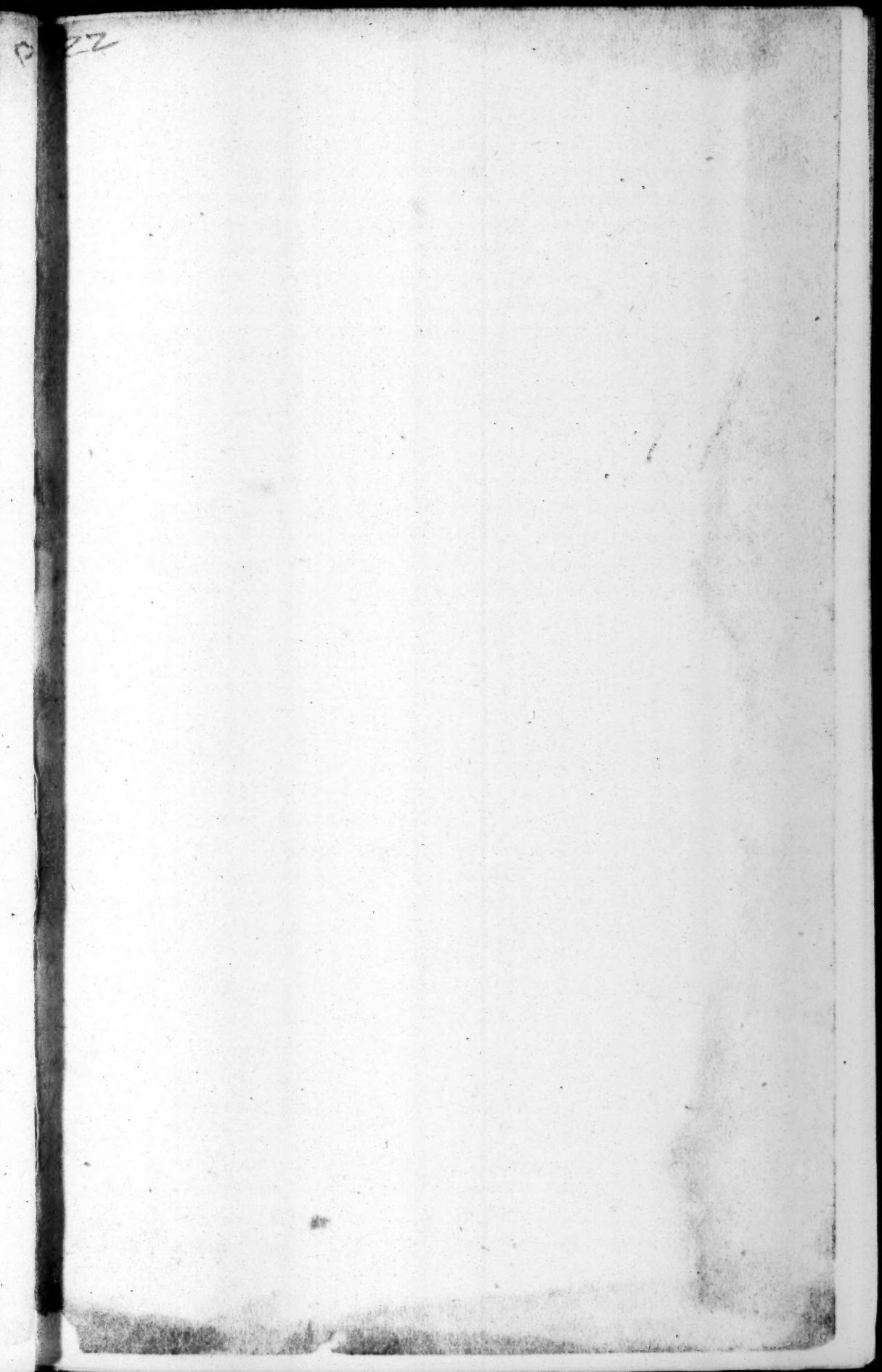
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TO
W. HEY, Esq. F. R. S.

Surgeon to the General Infirmary at Leeds.

DOOM'D to successive months and years of pain,
From med'cine's power I seek relief in vain.
In long and sad complaints I waste my breath,
And often chide the slow approach of death.

To what propitious refuge shall I run,
My pains and fears and gloomy thoughts to shun?
Not nature's brightest scenes can ease my grief,
For I must fly myself to find relief.

Sweet fields and shady groves and limpid springs,
Tho' once so dear, are all unmeaning things.
I wish to hide me in the peaceful tomb,
And languish for my everlasting home.
Time moves too slow, I chide his lazy wing;
"Perhaps the following day some ease may bring;"
The morning comes, I wish to see it night;
At ev'ning still I long for morning light.

O Hey! The fav'rite of the learned throng,
To you devoted is the plaintive song;
The plaintive song to you, my friend, is due,
Could man relieve me, I should fly to you.

TO W. HEY, ESQ. F. R. S.

Such is your wisdom, such your faithful care,
To you the wretched with success repair.
Heav'n owns your efforts useful lives to save,
And rescue numbers from the threat'ning grave.
But Heav'n perhaps forbids me that relief,
And death alone must remedy my grief.
With willing resignation I obey,
And wait to see the long-expected day.

Yet if your skilful hand might save my life,
I would not dread the Operator's knife.
What keener anguish can the shining steel
Inflict, than that which I so often feel?

Now through affliction's hand th' enfeebld mind
By sympathetic languishment declin'd,
Forgets her former vigour, droops and mourns,
While fear and sad despondency by turns,
My peace destroy; yet all my hopes depend
On *Jesus*, the repenting sinner's friend.

Would he vouchsafe to grant one gracious smile,
I could forget my pains and griefs awhile.
Or might I breathe my life out in his arms,
Ev'n ghastly death would wear a thousand charms.
How would I smile to drop this crazy load
Of cumb'rous clay, and fly to meet my God!
Far from affliction and the noisy jar
Of haughty minds, involv'd in endless war;
Far from this busy world's distracting din,
Far from temptation and the reach of sin.
There sweetest hallelujahs ever rise
And songs triumphant fill th' etherial skies.

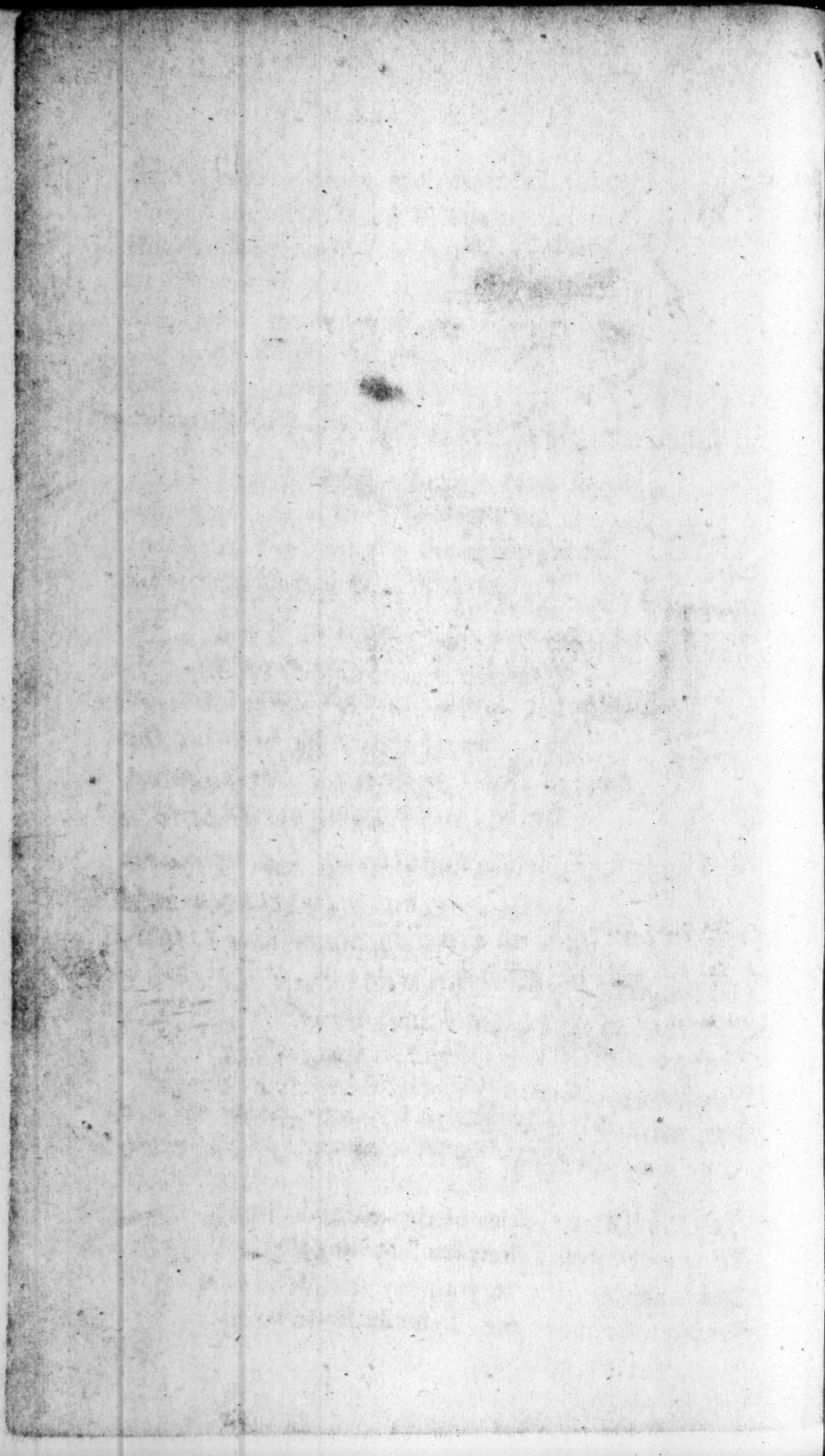
J. F.

July 14, 1779.

PREFACE.

IT was the custom of David, and the practice of Hezekiah, Jonah, and others, kings and prophets, whose writings are contained in the sacred canon of scripture, to rehearse the agonies of their distress, when they offered to heaven their songs of deliverance. They recollected their hours and days of bitterness, and the workings of their souls amidst their sharp and grievous sorrows, to make the remembrance of their salvation the sweeter, and so kindle the zeal of their gratitude to a higher flame. Is it a matter of blame to imitate such example? Doth not the reason hold good in our age, and to all generations! Why should a Christian be any more afraid to tell the world of his afflictions, or distresses, than a Jew? Or why should he be ashamed to let them know, that, amidst those sinkings of life and nature, Christianity and the gospel were his support?

Dr. WATTS' Miscel. p. 171, 172. fifth Ed.



TO THE
FLOCK

DEARLY BELOVED,

THE following pages are published, primarily, for your edification and comfort ; and with a view to excite you and myself to a due improvement of that awful providence to which they refer. The regard you expressed for me under my late affliction, in your prayers for me and tears on my account, made very deep impressions on my mind ; and served to heighten in me that tender and hearty concern for your spiritual and eternal wel-

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fare,

fare, which the connection subsisting between us naturally requires. I doubt not but I have been reaping the fruits of your prayers to God for me, both in the support I have enjoyed under my affliction, and in my recovery from the bed of languishing.—And has the Lord in very deed raised me up from the borders of the grave? May I be enabled to devote every hour of the life he has so graciously prolonged, to the honour of his holy name! I now address you, my dear friends, as one called back from the verge of the eternal world. And what shall I say? Even the same that I have declared unto you from the beginning, which ye have received, and in which ye stand.—That your natures are depraved, and your souls lost and ruined by sin; but Jesus is an all-sufficient and everlasting Saviour. He has died for your sins, paid his blood, his life for your ransom, and ever lives to make intercession for you in heaven—That an experimental knowledge of him, and lively faith in him, are essentially necessary to salvation: even such a knowledge as is influential,

ential, operative, and practical; and such a faith as *worketh by love*, and is accompanied with all the fruits of holiness in the temper and life—That the Saviour's love is sovereign, free, immense and everlasting—That his salvation is full and complete, from all sin, and all its consequences, for ever—And, that they who *have believed*, should be careful to maintain good works; and under the happy influence of the grace of God, which has appeared to all men in the blessed gospel, *deny ungodliness and worldly lusts; live soberly, righteously, and godly; have their conversation in heaven*, and continue in the daily expectation and joyful hope of the glory of God.

May the blessing of Heaven attend the little piece which I now put into your hands! I have found the devotional writings of other authors of special use to my own heart, both in time of health and sickness. Besides *Augustine's Confessions* and *Soliloquies*, *Gerhard's Meditations*, and other pieces of the

same kind in the *Roman* language; the melodious strains of *Dr. Watts*, the elevated aspirations of *Mrs. Rowe*, and the flowing and heart-warming periods of my favourite *Hervey*, being rendered pretty familiar to my mind, I have, you will perceive, sometimes expressed myself in their very words. Nor do I think it needful to make any apology for so doing, in a piece of this kind. Suffice it to say, that in what you have here before you, you have, for substance, the very phrases in which your afflicted friend expressed himself, in the intervals between his fits of pain; as those who attended him can testify.—I am well aware I shall be liberally censured for this publication, by the enemies of experimental and vital Christianity. But as I am not conscious that any ostentatious views have induced me to make these meditations public; and as I am persuaded that what I have here expressed is conformable, in a low and inferior degree, to the experience of God's saints recorded in scripture; I shall not trouble myself much about what this class of
readers

readers may say of me, or of my little tract. If these reflections be but of any service to my dear hearers, or to any others, whether in town or country, to whom I have the honour to stand related in the bonds of Christian friendship, to stir up in them a spirit of devotion, promote their love and zeal, or engage them the more earnestly in the pursuit of heavenly objects, I shall be happy, though I fall under ten thousand censures from a giddy world. Most earnestly do I wish, likewise, that any hint suggested in this small publication, might be owned of God for the conviction and conversion of some poor careless sinner! Blessed Lord! hast thou made me a fisher of men? I here cast forth my net, slender and scanty indeed, but O, let it not be wholly unsuccessful! Direct it on the right side of the ship, and let it happily draw and gather some souls to thee. For this my soul longs, more than they that watch for the morning. *Save now, O Lord, I beseech thee! O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity!*

Speak thou to the heart of every reader of this little book, or all will be in vain.

I only add my best wishes and affectionate prayers for you, my dear charge. That, as you are now my joy, you may be *my crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus* : that ye may stand fast in the truth, be fervent in love, lively in hope, holy and humble in conversation ; that ye may be faithful unto death, and receive the crown of life, in that blessed world, to which these contemplations are designed to direct your thoughts. So prays, dearly beloved,

Your affectionate pastor,

J. F.

June 1, 1774.

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SICK MAN'S EMPLOY.

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SECTION. I.

The Precariousness of Health, and Uncertainty of Life.

TO what perils is life perpetually exposed ! The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air, are big with death. How various and numerous the diseases and the dangers, to which we are subject every moment ! *What is your life?* that life with which stands connected whatever is enjoyed below ; What is it ? An eminent father of the Christian church, is at a loss whether to call it *a dying life or a living death.** The vigour of our age falls away, like water that runneth apace ; and the blissful minutes of the prime of our years, vanish like a dream. What is health, but a fading flower ! What is
life,

* *Nescio an dicenda sit, vita mortalis, an vitalis mors.*
Aug. Confess. l. 1.

life, but a vapour which appears for a little season, and vanisheth away?* It is but a speedy flight to eternity, a swift race to the grave, a flying cloud, a vanishing shadow, a perishing breath! Three days ago I resigned to the gloomy repository of the tomb, a lovely blooming creature, the hope of his father that begat him, and the joy of her that bare him; possessed (at least, in a fond parent's estimation) of whatever may be supposed amiable and engaging in one of his years, and less than two weeks ago, smiling in health and vigour. But fierce disease soon sapped his tender frame, and relentless death quickly snatched him from our fond embrace.†

I have

* *James iv. 14.*

† He died of the *small-pox*, aged four years and a half, after telling his father he would go to Jesus. Two days after his interment, his mournful parent endeavoured to improve the providence, in a discourse upon *Luke xviii. 16.* *But Jesus called them to him and said; Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of God.* A few plain verses, sung at the close of the solemnity, are here subjoined.

Lord, make me humble, meek and mild,
For such thou dost approve;
And he that's like a little child,
Shall dwell with thee above.

I have felt for my sweet babe with a sympathizing tenderness, but now I feel for myself. One loud alarm is succeeded by a second, louder still. The stroke is sudden, as the flight of an arrow, and piercing, as the point of a dagger. *Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me ! The arrows of the Almighty*

When Christ sojourn'd on earth below,
Young children to him came ;
Jesus receives young children now,
For he is still the same.

These in his arms he meekly took,
Clasp'd them in his embrace ;
Whilst heav'nly love, in ev'ry look,
Shone on the Saviour's face.

He plac'd his dear and spotless hands
Upon their smiling brows ;
And blessings on their heads commands,
The blessings he bestows.

Lord, we would give our babes to thee,
And scarcely call them ours ;
Bless their young souls, and let them be
Renew'd in all their pow'rs.

And shou'dst thou call them hence by death,
We would our charge resign ;
For thou didst give them life and breath,
And they are doubly thine.

Almighty stick fast in me, and his hand presseth me sore. What shall I say? He hath both spoken to me, and himself hath done it. Like a crane or a swallow, so do I chatter; I mourn as a dove. My heart is smitten and withered like grass. O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me!

SECTION II.

The Necessity of constant Readiness for Death.

NO one, saith Seneca, hath such indulgence from the gods, as that he may promise himself to-morrow.* A certain historian mentions an eminent person, who being invited to dine the next day, answered; *I have not had a morrow for these many years.*† Methinks I hear the echo of the blessed Redeemer's most necessary and salutary admonition; *Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not.*‡ We know not what shall be on the morrow, therefore it is vain to boast of it. Our souls may be required this night, yea, this moment.

“ Dangers

* *Nemo tam divos habuit faventes crastinum, ut possit sibi polliceri.*

† *Ego a multis annis crastinum non*

habui.

‡ *Luke xii. 40.*

“ Dangers stand thick thro’ all the ground
“ To push us to the tomb ;
“ And fierce diseases wait around
“ To hurry mortals home.”

How necessary is it to be in a prepared state for death ! This should be our governing, our prevailing concern. *O, that we were wise, that we understood this, duly and practically to consider our latter end !* When the blast of sickness smites, or ghastly death shews his pale visage, and brandishes his dart ; how miserable must be our condition, without an interest, and a steady confidence, in the all-glorious Redeemer ! When we are seized with excruciating pain, or overwhelmed with pining sickness, we are as unfit to attend to the important concerns of our immortal souls, and to *prepare to meet our God*, as we are to run a race, or to grind at a mill.* Our blessed Lord assures us, that without a spiritual change of heart, called the new-birth, we can neither see nor enter into the kingdom of God.† Holiness here, is as essentially

* Of all the marks of infatuation I know amongst men, there can be none equal to that of trusting to a death-bed repentance. Dr. Boyse.

† John iii. 3, 5, 7.

essentially necessary to happiness hereafter, as life is necessary in order to breathe, or strength to walk. Without repentance, evangelical repentance towards God, and a living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, die when we may, we are assured eternal destruction must be our portion.* How solicitously, then, should the hours of our health and vigour be employed, in seeking after a true acquaintance with these things! The signal for our removal hence may be given at a moment's warning. Should we not, then, perpetually be, *as men that wait for their Lord, when he shall return from the wedding?* Should we not have our loins girt, and our lamps burning? Should we not be most earnestly giving diligence to *make our calling and election sure?* We are subject to a thousand diseases; death is ever nigh; there is not a pore of our bodies by which he may not at any time enter. Yet, alas! alas! how ineffectual are these considerations, to rouse secure mortals from their sad insensibility, and their too eager attachment to temporal things, to a due attention to everlasting concerns! Numbers daily fall on our right hand and on our left, some by slow degrees,

* Heb. xii. 14. Luke xiii. 3. John iii. 18, 36.

degrees, and others in the twinkling of an eye ; yet the surviving crowds trifle still, as if they had an assured and eternal exemption from the arrests of death. O, that the voice which gave existence to the world, and calls the dead to life, may effectually awaken us from this awful delirium ; that we may not sleep as do others, but watch and be sober ! Knowing the things that belong to our peace, may we wait all the *days of our appointed time till our change shall come !* May we have such a firm establishment in Christ, such a steady and unshaken affiance in his merits, and such an unfeigned and superlative love to his name, as may embolden us to look death in the face with comfort, whenever he shall approach, or in whatever form attack us !

SECTION III.

The Acuteness of the Pain. Reflection on the awful Punishment of Sinners in Hell.

HOW awfully severe are the paroxysms of this disease ! How acute the pain when in its utmost violence ! Witness ye who have experienced these agonies. A death-like cold-

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ness seizes the extremities, which is succeeded by the excessive heats of a scorching fever. Through all the pores, the attenuated juices gush out in smoky sweats. With incessant toil I toss from side to side, but seek relief in vain. The restless arteries beat strong and violent: the breath is fetched thick and pantingly, and the tongue is parched with a thirst, which nothing can allay. While overwhelming sickness, by turns, threatens to seal up at once all the springs of life, and close the eyes to wake no more.

The extreme anguish of my body is heightened by all the horrors arising from great darkness of mind, and a sense of an absent God. *For these things I weep; mine eye, mine eye runneth down with water, because the Comforter that should relieve my soul is far from me. From above hath he sent fire into my bones, and it prevaileth against them.* O that I knew where I might find him! I turn to the right hand and to the left, behind and before, yet I do not perceive him! And though I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer. The terrors of the Almighty seem to set themselves in array against me. Surely he is entering*

* *Lam. i. 13, 16.*

tering into judgment with me. *He hath filled me with bitterness, he hath made me drunken with wormwood.** The sorrows of death compass me about, and the pains of hell get hold upon me, Ps. cxvi. 3. OF HELL! Awful, alarming word! If my present agonies be almost insupportable, what must it be to endure the eternal horrors of the burning lake! Yet this is the just reward of sin. The sorrows I now endure, will not last for ever: a supporting, though but languid hope, that I shall yet see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living, props up my fainting heart. But yonder dread abodes, are

Regions of sorrow! doleful shades! where peace
And rest can never dwell! hope never comes,
That comes to all: but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur, unconsum'd!†

Hark! methinks I hear the yells of yonder
blaspheming crowds! Methinks I see a
mighty throng of drunkards, liars, swearers,
adulterers, and other ranks of the profane,
weltering in the flaming billows, gnawing
their tongues for pain, and cursing themselves

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* Lam. iii. 15.

† Milton's Paradise Lost, b. I. l. 65.

a thousand times for that height of infatuation, folly and madness, which led them headlong into that hopeless place.—Whom do I see in those dark regions, stung incessantly with the ruthless fangs of the never-dying worm? A numerous crowd, who once despised the gospel of God, and turned a deaf ear to the messages of salvation. In neglect and contempt of Christ, and the things of his kingdom, *they went away, one to his farm, another to his merchandise*; preferring, either the pleasures of sense, or the paltry concerns of this transitory world, to the treasures of the everlasting gospel, and the momentous affairs of eternity. *Wo unto them! it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for them.* Whom, let me repeat the enquiry, whom do I behold in those infernal flames? *Dives.*—Eighteen hundred years has he cried out, in vain, for *one drop of water to cool his scorched tongue.* But are his miseries any nearer to a close? Ah, no! *The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever.* Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.†* Should the ablest arithmetician try to number the
ages

* Rev. xiv. 11. and xix. 3. † Mark ix. 44. 45.

ages of eternity, he would be for ever baffled. O, eternity ! eternity ! immense, unfathomable depth ! Millions of millions of ages, and ten thousand times ten thousand millions more, would diminish nothing from the account of eternity ! And is it possible for dying mortals to push the thought of this one moment from their bosoms ? Is it possible for them to be as thoughtless about it, as if it were no more than an idle dream ? What can exceed, what can equal the stupidity, the insensibility, the infatuation of sinful man ! Sinner ! where art thou ? Just on the verge of the burning lake ! Should the feeble thread of life be cut, shouldst thou die in thy present state, destruction, inevitable, eternal destruction awaits thee. Ask thyself seriously, "Canst thou dwell with devouring fire ? Canst thou dwell with everlasting burnings ?" If thou canst, go on : add iniquity to sin ; still treasure up wrath against the day of wrath ; and, for the sordid, the short-lived pleasures of sin, reap eternal ages of woe and horror. Thou art purchasing thy carnal delights at a dear rate indeed. Such is the horrid nature of sin, that its proper *wages*, its just desert is *death*, or everlasting banishment from God, and an eternal hell of misery.

Knowing these terrors of the Lord, by the awful views now before me, fain would I persuade my poor perishing fellow-sinners, to a consideration of their ways. "Consider this, all ye that forget God, lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver. The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." Supposing a glass of the most deadly poison were set before you, richly sweetened, and you were forewarned what would be the certain effect of drinking it; would the transitory pleasure of tasting the delicious draught, tempt you to throw your precious life away in a moment? Sin is this sweetened draught that tempts you; but, O, remember, *death is in the pot*. You perhaps have known what it is to shrink at a light affliction, which is but for a moment; how then, think you, can you bear the never-ending vengeance of that powerful arm, which stretched out the heavens, laid the foundations of the earth, and poured out the waters of the mighty deep? "O, earth! earth! earth! hear the word of the Lord!"* There is but one way of escaping this *wrath to come*; but one door of hope, but one refuge.† And that is the Lord Jesus Christ; who cries to every

* Jer. xxii. 29. † Acts iv. 12. Psalm xiv. 6.

every alarmed, sensible sinner, *Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.** Conscious of this, let my own soul, and every other helpless, self-despairing sinner, flee speedily to the horns of this altar; and, with the utmost ardour, lay hold on this hope set before us!

Jesus, I throw my arms around,
I hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My Spirit cannot rest.

Give me one kind assuring word
To drive my fears away;
Then cheerfully my Soul shall wait
Till the appointed day.

SECTION IV.

*Relief under the Consciousness of Guilt, by
Views of the Atonement of Christ.*

MY conscience recollects the follies of my youth, and the long train of later and more aggravated offences, and tells me it would be just in God for ever to condemn me. I acknowledge the humbling, the awful truth. I
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* Isa. xlv. 22.

can rank amongst none but the chief of sinners. "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

I can draw no comfort from my own obedience: all that I can say is, I have aimed at sincerity and uprightness, and my conscience does not accuse me of the contrary. But alas! alas! I have failed in every point. My poor, imperfect obedience, fills me with shame upon every view of it. In myself I am a wretched, miserable offender. "Lord, thou knowest all my foolishness, and my sins are not hid from thee." Confusion, and death, are my due. "Thou writest bitter things against me, and makest me to possess the sins of my youth. It is of thy mercies, O Lord, that I am not consumed."

But lo! the divine Redeemer has bled and died; bled and died, as a propitiation for our sins! Cheering declaration!—But is it true indeed? Yes; "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.* He hath loved us, and washed

* 1 Tim. i. 15.

us from our sins in his own blood."* Happy tidings! Welcome news! Transporting discovery! More welcome than *cold water to the thirsty soul*; more delightful than the sweetest charms, of the most melodious music, to the listening ear. It is joy in trouble, and light in darkness; it is health in sickness, and life in death. I feel, yes, adored be divine grace! I feel its sovereign energy, to quell the rising tempest in my troubled breast.

"Where now, O, where shall wrathful thunders fall?

"Christ's blood o'erspreads and shields me from them all."

The glory of this soul-quickenning truth, sheds its sacred influence on my drooping mind. *He gave himself for us*:† not barely for our good, but absolutely in our stead. Our sins were caused to meet‡ upon him; and for these he was stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. *He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised*

* Rev. i. 5.

† Tit. ii. 14, *υπερ ημων: υπερ, αλη,* and *πρω,* are the words generally used in the New Testament, on this subject; all expressive of Christ's substitution in our stead.

‡ Isaiab liii. 6. *עָלָם* *fecit occurrere.* Montanus.

bruised for our iniquities. Thus, by his own dear life, he ransomed guilty worms from death. The vials of wrath, due to my provocations, were all poured out on the head of that spotless victim. Here is *the door of hope, in the valley of Achor.*

My faith now fixes on a bleeding, dying Christ, and looks to the *Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.* The question is not now, Whether God can be just in pardoning the vilest sinner. This has been determined long ago, by the adorable Trinity. "I will betroth thee to me for ever, yea, I will betroth thee in righteousness and judgment," Hos. ii. 19. q. d. Trouble not your thoughts how to clear my justice in that act. I know what I do; and I know the thoughts that I have towards you, thoughts of peace, and not of evil. The case is well weighed and equitably settled. The just and holy God can righteously pardon. For, O my soul! dwell on the life-giving theme,

The ransom was paid down; the fund of heaven,
Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
Amazing and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: tho' curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum.

Alt!

Ah! the enormous load of human guilt,
Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his
cross;

Made groan the centre; burst earth's marble womb
With pangs, strange pangs! delivered of her dead!
Hell howl'd; and heaven that hour let fall a tear;
Heav'n wept that men might smile! Heav'n bled
that men

Might never die!—

He seiz'd our dreadful right; the load sustain'd
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world:
In heav'n itself can such indulgence dwell?*

My soul flees to Jesus, and takes sanctuary
in his satisfaction. This is her privileged
place, where neither law nor justice will arrest
her. Rom. iii. 24, 25, 26. "Being justified
freely by his grace, through the redemption
that is in Jesus Christ: whom God hath set
forth to be a propitiation through faith in his
blood, to declare his righteousness for the re-
mission of sins that are past, through the for-
bearance of God; to declare, I say, at
this time his righteousness: that he might
be just and the justifier of him that be-
lieveth in Jesus." O blessed ground of com-
fort and peace! Here is firm footing, here is
solid rock. Now that I am upon the verge of
eternity,

* Night Thoughts, No. 4.

eternity, and perhaps just going to launch into the invisible world, I can find consolation in nothing short of this precious truth :—complete, entire, everlasting satisfaction made for sin, by the death of Christ. “He hath put away sin by the sacrifice of himself; and by one offering perfected for ever them that are sanctified.” Two payments can never, righteously, be demanded for the same debt. Lo! “the fountain is opened for sin and uncleanness. The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.” What a solace in life, what a comfort in death, to a poor self-condemned criminal, is this leading and capital truth of the everlasting gospel! Encouraged by this, may I not say, *Who shall condemn me? It is God that justifies; it is Christ that died!* Rom. viii. 33, 34. Be it that my sins are as scarlet, and more in number than the hairs of my head, yet the blood of Christ shall wash me *white as snow*. Through him, our God will “abundantly pardon, and cast all our sins into the depth of the sea. To him give all the prophets witness, that whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.” If the law requires punishment, Jesus, as the end of it, endured torments unutterable

able. If it insists on blood; Jesus has fulfilled its requirements with blood divine. Does it call for righteousness? Jesus voluntarily submitted to its authority, performed to the utmost every jot and tittle of its commands; and thereby, to the honour of God, and the everlasting consolation of all that believe, brought in *perfect and everlasting righteousness*. Hence, *there is*, there can be, *no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus*; and as a proof of their being so, *walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit*, Rom. viii. 1. O, precious Redeemer! precious blood! precious salvation! Sure relief, this, for a wounded conscience; honourable to God, safe for man, and most efficacious in its influence on the heart, to engage it to love, and stimulate it to obedience. Those who represent this doctrine as having a licentious tendency, give the fullest proof that they have not the experimental knowledge of it; and, as such, they *speak evil of what they understand not*. *We love him because he first loved us*. We are engaged most powerfully to live to him, because he died for us. O! the blessings, the comforts, that spring from a right knowledge of Jesus! This is the knowledge which the

D

blessed

blessed apostle *Paul* valued above all other accomplishments ; in comparison of which, he counted all things but *loss and dung*. The knowledge of Jesus and him crucified, was, in his estimation, the *one thing needful*.*

SECTION V.

The Sovereign Support which the Gospel affords, in the Immediate Views of Death.

THOSE truths which I have endeavoured, in my poor feeble way, to hold forth to others, are my support and comfort now. And O, how efficacious are they for that purpose! The doctrines of the divine word are at all times, if properly applied, the noblest cordials that can be administered to the afflicted breast: when it is out of the power of any worldly considerations to afford relief, how salutary have these been found to sustain the fainting heart! How enlivening the consideration of that *everlasting covenant*, which is “ordered in all things and sure, and contains all our salvation and all our desire!” How relieving the thought of peace being made by the blood of the cross! the view of the sufficiency of

* 1 Cor. ii. 2. Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9.

of pardon through the atoning sacrifice of the Son of God; of deliverance from the thralldom of sin, the tyranny of Satan, the sting of death, and the power of the grave, through the complete conquest he has gained! And how animating the prospect of that *life and immortality*, which he has brought to light by the gospel! How reviving the many *exceeding great and precious promises of his word!* That *he will never leave nor forsake us*; that when we "pass through the fire he will be with us, and through the waters, they shall not overflow us;" and that, "when flesh and heart fail, he will be the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever."

The Psalmist says, "Unless thy law had been my delight, I should then have perished in mine affliction," Ps. cxix. 92. And again, "This is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickened me," ver. 50. To the divine word he was indebted for all his comfort. The promises have been called by some, the saint's legacies; the breasts of God, full of the milk of grace and comfort; the saint's plank, to swim upon to heaven; and the like. How little can any creature contribute to the comfort of one, agonizing in the pangs of death!

death! 'Tis the divine word only, that can afford relief. This only is able to buoy up the soul, and keep it from sinking in the overwhelming billows of affliction and sorrow. "I will never forget thy precepts, for with them thou hast quickened me," Ps. cxix. 98.

When sore afflictions press me down,
 I need thy quickening pow'rs;
 Thy word that I have rested on,
 Shall help my heaviest hours.

A word from God's mouth can heal a wounded distressed spirit, even while the body still continues to pine and languish. "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul." A word of promise applied to the heart, will conquer the horrors of death, will make a legion of devils flee, and turn our hell to heaven. A word from thy lips, O, my God! can remove mountains of guilt, fear, and despair; and fill the heart with sacred joy and peace, in spite of all the united efforts of Satan and unbelief to disquiet it.

' One glance of thine, one piercing ray
 Shall kindle darkness into day.'

One word of thine shall quell my inward strife,
 And call thy half dead servant back to life;

Shall

Shall sooth my passions, all my fears control,
 And with that peace divine fill all my soul,
 ' Which nothing earthly gives, nor can destroy,
 ' The mind's calm sun-shine, and the heartfelt joy.'

SECTION. VI.

Death disarmed.

THE pale messenger seems to be approaching. It is probable I have but a few days, a few hours longer to live. But, glory be to God! I am not afraid to die. Death comes, not armed with those horrors in which I have sometimes beheld him; he approaches with an angel's face, and a deliverer's hand. It is sin alone which furnishes death with his dreadful sting; and through the atoning blood of the dying Saviour, all my sins are done away. O, precious Christ! precious blood! and precious faith, by which we are enabled to claim an interest in both!

Death's terror is the mountain faith removes,
 'Tis faith disarms destruction ———
 Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb.

O, my friends! 'tis sweet lying in these circumstances, when we can, with propriety,

adopt the noble challenge; *Death, where is thy sting? Grave, where is thy victory?** I have ventured my all in the hands of the Saviour of sinners. Here I cast the anchor of my everlasting hopes, and here I leave myself. I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded he is able to keep that, which I have committed to him, against that day. The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, *The Lord knoweth them that are his.* I have the promise and the oath of the eternal God, for my support, security and consolation. *He that believeth on me, saith the divine Redeemer, shall never die: i. e. shall not die eternally.*† He is faithful that hath promised. What is there in death, that I should dread? The sons of Jacob were not afraid to go down into *Egypt*, when they knew that their dear brother was governor of the country; why then should I shudder at the thoughts of death, since this shall transmit me into the presence of my dear Lord and Saviour? No—: in this happy hour I perceive nothing dreadful in the aspect of death. He approaches my bed, he accosts my languishing heart, but with no tokens of defiance; armed with no frightful sting, but commissioned

* 1 Cor. xv. 55.

† John xi. 26.

sioned on an errand of peace. He bespeaks me with gentle invitations from my gracious Redeemer. Welcome, welcome, thou kind messenger of my liberty and happiness ! Cut short thy work upon me : execute thy office : open the prison doors : knock off my fetters, and let my soul now gain her sweet release from cumberous flesh, and take her speedy flight to *Abraham's bosom*. Come, ye bright celestial spirits, ye guardians of the just ; take me on your wings, and convey me safe through the airy regions.

Hark ! they whisper ! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away !
The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heav'n opens to my eyes ! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O, grave, where is thy victory ?
O, death, where is thy sting ?

' Hold out faith and patience ; 'tis but a
' little, a very little while, and your work
' will be at an end. Soon the sighs and
' groans shall be converted into everlasting
' hallelujahs. A few weary steps more, and
' the journey of life will be finished. A few
' struggles more, and the warfare will be
* accom-

‘ accomplished, the conflict shall cease, and
‘ the happy season of bliss and triumph com-
‘ mence. After these painful agonies, how
‘ greedily shall I drink in immortal ease and
‘ pleasure? Adieu to sickness, and these ex-
‘ cruciating pains, for ever. Adieu to sor-
‘ row, sadness and sighing; all tears shall
‘ be wiped away; and the Lamb, which is
‘ in the midst of the throne, shall lead me to
‘ fountains of living water. Break away, ye
‘ thick clouds; begone, ye envious shades,
‘ and let me see the glories you conceal: let
‘ me survey the happy regions, I hope, ere
‘ long, to possess. O, blest eternity! With
‘ thee come liberty, and peace, and love, and
‘ endless felicity; pain and sorrow, and tu-
‘ mult, and death, and darkness, vanish be-
‘ fore thee for ever.

‘ Yonder are the delectable hills, and har-
‘ monious vales, which continually echo to
‘ the songs of angels. There the blissful
‘ fields extend their verdure, and there the im-
‘ mortal groves ascend; but, how dazzling
‘ is thy prospect, O city of God, of which
‘ such glorious things are spoken!

• There

- There holy souls perpetual sabbaths keep,
- And never are concern'd for food or sleep :
- While ivory harps and silver trumpets sound :
- There flaming seraphs sacred hymns begin,
- And raptur'd cherubs loud responses sing.*

The *Jordan* of death is a shallow and fordable stream : the Lord of life and glory has passed through before me, in his way to yonder happy world. I see the footsteps of my dear Saviour at the bottom, and heaven and happiness on the other side. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me;" and, having such a convoy, what should I dread ?

Then shall ye hear my heart-strings break,

How sweet the minutes roll !

A mortal paleness on my cheek,

And glory in my soul,

* Mrs. Rowe's Devout Exercises.

SECTION VII.

The Wonders of Divine Love and Grace.

HOW could the Almighty have given us a brighter display, or a more pregnant proof, of his infinitely rich grace and love, than he has done, by surrendering his only begotten Son to condemnation and death for our sakes? Talk we of wonders? All wonders are lost in that of the incarnation and bloody passion of the adorable Jesus. Who can measure the height, who can fathom the depth, or tell the length and breadth of that love of the eternal God, which thus spake in reference to my poor sinful perishing soul? "My Son shall bleed, that thou mayest be healed: my Son shall die, that thou mayest live eternally: for I have said, *Mercy shall be built up for ever.*" Was it not likewise astonishing and unmeasurable love in the dear Redeemer, thus to speak: "Willingly, willingly I become incarnate; I give myself to be made a curse, to bleed, to suffer, to die, that this poor rebel may be brought back to God; that this condemned criminal may be pardoned and saved."

Amazing

Amazing grace ! look down ye higher skies !
Ye angels gaze with ever new surprize ;
And let each dweller on the earth below,
See here what our Redeeming God can do ;
Let ev'ry needy soul his bounty prove ;
Ye cannot hope too largely from his love.*

There is nothing in us, or done by us, that can be a motive, inducement, or recompence to this love. It is as absolutely free as it is unspeakably great. Christ loved us, not on account of any foreseen excellency in us, or upon any expectation of recompence from us. Nay, he loved us, not only without, but against our deserts. And who can number, who can value the fruits and blessings of this love ? Greater I cannot desire, richer I cannot enjoy. And they are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore. How many sins does it pardon, how many wants does it supply, how many evils does it secure from, and how many gifts, honours and privileges, does it confer ! What opposition does it overcome, and what obstacles remove ! How sovereign its power, as well as superabundant its

* See a pamphlet, published some years ago, by the author of these pages, entitled, *The Christian's humble Plea for his God and Saviour*. Price 6d. 5th Edit.

its riches ! If ever my poor soul is brought to yonder bright world above, *grace, grace*, must be my theme to all eternity. None so great a debtor to rich grace as I. Let me live and die in the admiration of it.

O, goodness infinite ! goodness immense,
And love that passeth knowledge ! Words are vain,
Language is lost in wonders so divine,
Come then expressive silence, muse his praise.*

SECTION VIII.

The Glories of the Heavenly World.

WHEN it was asked one, What he was made for ; he answered, *That I might meditate on heaven.*† Surely the believing soul is born again for this noble end. Consider, O my soul, what and where thou shalt be in a little while. What ?—a glorified saint, a triumphant conqueror, a crowned king, a companion of cherubims, an attendant on the Lamb

* I beg leave to recommend to my readers, that valuable and evangelical book, written by my much respected friend, Mr. Booth, entitled, *The Reign of Grace, from its Rise to its Consummation.*

† *Anaxagoras.*

Lamb whithersoever he goeth, a spectator of all the glories of the upper world!—Where? Far beyond the sun and stars; in the regions of immortal day, the celestial city, the heavenly Jerusalem. In that city which is of pure, transparent gold; whose foundations are garnished with all manner of precious stones; whose gates are pearls, whose light is glory, and whose temple is the living God. Is it called a kingdom? It is a kingdom of righteousness.* It is a kingdom of peace.† A kingdom of glory;‡ and an everlasting kingdom, 2 Pet. i. 11. “Then shall the righteous shine as the sun, in the kingdom of their Father.”—There I shall join *the innumerable company of angels*: And if they are happily instrumental in my well-being here; much more, may I suppose, will they be so there, when I shall be more capable of communion with them. If now there is *joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth*, what will there be over a perfect, glorified soul? *If our angels there behold our Father’s face*, how glad will they be of our safe arrival on those peaceful shores, and of our perpetual company? And, surely, love

E and

* 1 Pet. i. 13.

† Rom. xiv. 17.

‡ 1 Thess. ii. 1.

and union will make these joys reciprocal. We shall join the happy choir, who rest not, day nor night, saying ; " Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty ! which art, and wast, and art to come," Rev. xxi. 23.

Nor is this all : There will likewise be the company and blessed society of glorified saints who shall doubtless have a clear and distinct knowledge one of another. Can I imagine that the knowledge of the inhabitants of that happy world, shall be more imperfect than the knowledge of saints below ? Shall we not know much more, and not less, than we do here ? Does not heaven exceed earth, as much in knowledge as in joy ? Have not the blessed angels a distinct knowledge of the meanest believer on earth ? And are they not, as such, stiled *their angels* ? Shall we not, then, have a certain and intimate knowledge of our nearest friends ? If the two disciples knew *Moses* and *Elijah* on the Mount, whom they had never seen before ; much more shall those who have been connected by the sweetest ties of Christian fellowship below, have the happiness of a clear knowledge of one another in heaven.*

And

* My old acquaintance, with many a holy person

And O, how delightful will that communion of saints be, where the warmest love and the firmest concord ever preside ! Remember, O my soul, how sweet the course of my pilgrimage has been rendered, by the fragrance and usefulness of the graces of thy fellow-christians ! How sweet have my faithful bosom friends and companions been ! How comforting, refreshing, reviving their holy assemblies, heavenly conversation, and devout prayers ! What then, O, what will it be, to live in the highest perfection of love with glorified saints in heaven for ever !

And you, my dear friends, who have been my choicest companions here, it rejoices me to think of having your company and fellowship in the upper world.

E 2

We'll

gone to Christ, makes my thoughts of heaven the more familiar to me. O, how many of them could I name ! And it is no small encouragement to one, who is to enter upon an unseen world, to think that he goes no untrodden path, nor enters into a solitary or singular state ; but follows all that have passed by death, from the creation to this day, into endless life. How emboldening to consider, that I am to go the same way, and to the same place and state, with all the believers and saints that have ever gone before me !

Baxter's Dying Thoughts abridged, p. 47

We'll charge our parting souls to meet above,
In yon blest regions of immortal love ;
Where friendship, heaven-born, full growth attains,
And ever flourishes, and ever reigns.

Come, then, my companions in tribulation,
let us be of good cheer : soon the imperfect
fellowship which we enjoy together below,
shall be perfected in the kingdom of our Fa-
ther. We have sighed and sung, rejoiced
and wept together, by turns, below ; and, by
a tender sympathizing concern, borne one
another's burdens, strengthened one another's
hands, and each contributed to the advance-
ment of his brother's joy. A friendship so
divine,

Where heart meets heart reciprocally kind,

must subsist for ever. Death itself shall not
dissolve the tie : the unseen world shall nei-
ther destroy nor diminish the privilege, but
heighten, ennoble and advance it, beyond all
conception. Let us then look over the few
intervening days of sorrow and affliction be-
low, and ever live in the joyful expectation of
our meeting around the throne of God and
of the Lamb.

There,

There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit ;
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

But after all, may I not say as others have done before me, Lord ! I would not care for heaven, were it not for the hope of enjoying thee there ? Where the King is, there is the court ; and where the presence of God is there is heaven. Were there no mansion of bliss to entertain me, no weight of glory to crown me, no angels of light to attend me, yet God would be *all in all*.—Think, O my soul, what a life thou shalt live in the presence and bosom of infinite and eternal love ! I now behold him as through a glass, dimly and obscurely, as through the crevices of my darksome habitation ; but then he will shine on me and in me openly, with the most refulgent beams of love for ever. I shall joyfully behold his open, unveiled face ; and listen, without obstructing mediums, to the ravishing, transporting voice of his mouth. His gracious looks through the lattice, have often revived me below ; but then shall my satisfaction be full and complete, when *I behold his face in righteousness, and awake in his likeness,*

likeness, Ps. xvii. 15. All beauty, excellency, and perfection, centre in him. Whatever there is of loveliness in any, or all, of his creatures, is found in full perfection in him, and infinitely more. "He is the chiefest among ten thousand; he is altogether lovely," Cant. v. 10, 16. His presence makes heaven what it is. His smiles create eternal day in the bright regions above; and fill the celestial assembly with transports of delight. "Oh, that my words were now written; oh, that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead, in the rock for ever! For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another; though my reins be consumed within me."* There I shall see the sacred body of the Son of God, now glorified and shining with ineffable splendor. The same immaculate body which the virgin bare,—which conversed with the doctors in the temple, which *John* baptised, and the disciples saw transfigured on the Mount. Those blessed feet which
went

* *Job* xix. 23—27.

went about doing good ; which *Mary* washed with her tears, and wiped with the hair of her head ; and which, at length, were trans-fixed and nailed to the fatal tree. The temples once crowned with lacerating thorns, and the face once defiled with shameful spitting, but now shining with unutterable radiancy, splendor and glory. Those dear hands, so often stretched out to heal the sick, and at length extended on the ignominious cross, when the rude iron tore the shivering nerves, till he said, *It is finished*, and bowed his head and gave up the ghost. The print of the nails, and the other scars of honour in his flesh, which doubting *Thomas* once saw and handled, will be ever beheld with inexpressible wonder, love, and joy, by all the tribes of the redeemed. “Thine eyes shall behold the King in his beauty.”* See him who for thy sake, was gashed with wounds, and covered with blood ; who was pierced with nails, and stabbed to the heart ; *by whose stripes thou art healed*. See him who once, when working out salvation for us, had not where to lay his head, was an exile in *Egypt*, a prisoner at *Pilate’s* bar, a corpse in *Joseph’s* sepulchre ; but who rose triumphant thence, bursting

* *Isa.* xxxiii. 17.

bursting the adamantine chains and iron bars of death, and ascended up on high, *leading captivity captive*. Thou shalt see him who is now in the midst of the throne, who *looks like a Lamb that has been slain*, and yet is *King of kings, and Lord of lords*; who is worshipped, honoured and adored by all the angelic hosts, and all the *spirits of just men made perfect*. Thou shalt be in "his presence, where there is fulness of joy, and at his right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing," Rev. v. 13.

Fellow-saints this bliss pursue,
Press ye on to reach the prize;
Bid this flattering world adieu,
Fix above your longing eyes.

Lo the kind Redeemer waits,
To receive you to his breast,
Open stand the blissful gates,
Angels call you there to rest.

SECTION IX.

Longing to be dismissed.

WHY is his chariot so long a coming?
why linger the wheels of his chariot? Come,
Lord Jesus, come quickly!

Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul,
Up to thy blest abode;
Fly, for thy spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

O, happy event! that will ease me of all the aches of my body, and all the conflicts of my soul! Death, like a physician of value, shall at once cure all my distempers in both. I shall then no more hear from a fellow-mortal's tongue, what a glorious place the heavenly *Jerusalem* is, but I shall walk, myself, in the golden streets of the city of our God. One moment's sight of it will inform me more what it is, than all the volumes in my library could ever do. "How long, O Lord, holy and true!" Speak the word, and sign my release from cumberous flesh. Bid me that I come unto thee, as thou didst *Peter* upon the water: reach forth thy gracious hand,

hand, and take me to thy bosom. "When shall I come and appear before God!"

O, to mount! to mount away!
And leave this clod of heavy clay!

I cannot but, in some sort, shrink back at the thoughts of recovery, and returning to the world again, though, on some accounts, desirable. Discouragements arise from the view of my own great weakness, and the numberless enemies, snares and dangers, which beset our path; lest I should in one thing or another, dishonour that sacred name, and injure that good cause, which are dearer to me than life. I tremble, I shudder at the thought! I long for those peaceful and holy regions, where sin and temptation shall be known no more. If my heart deceive me not, I feel a willingness to bear the sorrows and afflictions of this mortal state, but I dread the thoughts of being ensnared by sin. I have a *desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better*, than even being employed in his service below; *nevertheless to abide in the flesh may seem more needful** for my family, my flock, and the youths committed to my care. Much rather

* Phil. i. 23, 24.

rather would I even be continued on this bed of pain, excruciating as it is, than live in health and ease to dishonour God.—But “why art thou cast down, O my soul? Why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God.*” He is not only faithful to his promise, made to his people, that they shall never finally perish; but he is able to keep them from falling in their way to the kingdom, and present them before the presence of his glory.† This, O my God, is the summit of my wishes. I ask not long life, nor the riches, honours, or pleasures of this world: all I desire is, that I may be introduced into thy glorious presence at last, and be kept from sin and every unworthy practice, in my way thither. Grant me this, for thy own honour, and I ask no more. It would not satisfy me only to die the *death*, I would also live the *life* of the righteous. I ask no exemption from sufferings, but preservation from sin; and then, call me to what thou pleasest;

—— With the *Patriarch's* joy,
They call I follow to the land unknown;
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust:
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs;
All weight in this—O, let me live to thee!‡

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* *Psa.* xliii. 11. † *Jude* 24. ‡ *Night Thoughts*, No. 4.

SECTION X.

*The Vanity of the World, and God our only
Happiness.*

'T IS finish'd now, the great deciding part ;
The world's subdu'd, and heav'n has all my heart.

What is the amount of all that this world can tempt me with? Vindictive flames are ready to consume it. Unhappy is he who has no better portion than what this fluctuating world can afford. He may, notwithstanding this, be not only miserable for ever hereafter, but even a stranger to peace here; and, like *the troubled sea, which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt*. The time of mourning for the departure of all earthly enjoyments is at hand: we shall see them as *Eglon's* servants did their lord, fallen down dead before us; and weep because they are not. "Riches make themselves wings and fly away." They *profit not in the day of wrath*. Were they true riches, yet they are not ours; were they ours, yet are they not durable, but *uncertain riches*.*

Honour

* *Tim. vi. 17.*

Honour and fame are the temptation with some. But how arduous the task to obtain the bait ! and what is it when enjoyed ? It is a vain puff of noisy breath : deceitful as a brook, uncertain as a wave of the sea, transitory and fleeting as the breaking bubble. He that thinks he shall one day be made happy in this, is pursuing an empty shadow, grasping the volatile smoke ; or, in the language of inspiration, “ he is sowing the wind, and shall reap the whirlwind.”* The carnal pleasures of this world, at best, are only vanity and froth ; and, frequently, wormwood and gall. To be enamoured with these, is death. A dying bed will tear away the mask from all these flattering delusions, and set them before us in a just and proper light. In affliction’s glass, we may plainly perceive the vanity, meanness, and contemptible littleness of this world, and the importance and amazing greatness of the next. Lord, let the thoughts of the glory and bliss which thou hast prepared for me in heaven, for ever cause me to turn away with disdain from the delusive bawbles, the tempting pleasures and delights, of this world ! Hast thou prepared a mansion for me in heaven, and shall I still

F

grovel

* Hos. viii. 7.

grovel in the mire and dirt of this earth? Who would place so large and capacious a vessel as the immortal soul, under a few drops of carnal pleasure, and neglect the source of everlasting joy? Who would disregard a kingdom to embrace a dunghill? If a heathen could say, "I am born to greater and higher things, than to be a drudge to the world;"* much more should the christian thus judge. *We are born to liberty and honour*, says another of the sages of antiquity.† But the blessed gospel only can teach us what liberty and honour are. The volume of inspiration shews us, that God himself is the centre, rest, refuge, portion, and exceeding great reward of an immortal soul. We are created with capacities and powers, so extended in their grasp, so unbounded in their aim, that nothing short of an infinite good can fill them. It is well observed by an ancient Christian writer, that, "To love the chiefest good is our greatest happiness.‡ God is the highest perfection in himself, and the highest good to the creature; hence it must be the soul's highest

* *Seneca.*

† *Ad decus et libertatem nati sumus. Cicero.*

‡ *Summum bonum amare, est summa beatitudo. Bernard.*

highest wisdom to choose him, cleave to him, and rest in him for ever. O my soul, God is thy end and excellency; and thy happiness lies in the enjoyment of him. The felicity of man consists in his favour. His love is better than life. His smile constitutes heaven; and his frown is worse than destruction. Ye earthly vanities adieu! My soul is winged, by heaven, to grasp at an infinite good. Lord, "I follow hard after thee. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee." 'Let it not offend thee, that a worm of the earth adores and loves thee.' Thou hast formed me with capacities and powers, which nothing short of thy own infinite self can satisfy. The wide creation affords nothing suited to my enlarged and extended desires. Deprived of the enjoyment of thee, I should eternally pine away in poverty and wretchedness. My soul can meet with no other objects suited to her wishes. Thou only canst fill the capacious desires of the immortal mind: and thou art all in all. In the absence of every thing else,

God, in himself, is bliss enough
For thee, my soul, for thee.

F 2

Now

Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recal ;
I give my mortal int'rests up
For thee, my God, my all.

Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore ;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

SECTION XI.

The Profit of Afflictions.

HAD we been without our sharpest trials, we should, probably, have missed our sweetest consolations. The Christian's heaviest sorrows and choicest comforts often go hand in hand. Yea, when tribulation abounds, consolation, sometimes, superabounds. The charitable relieve the poor and indigent, as their necessities increase ; even so, the Lord Jesus Christ comforts his people as their troubles multiply. " In the day that I cried, thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul." Ps. cxxxviii. 3. The divine promises are like vessels of cordial wine, reserved for, and broached in, times of distress.

distress. The dear child of God is made to experience, that there is a sweet and soul-supporting somewhat, which unregenerate hearts do not experience, in having a God to go to and call upon in the day of trouble. He has said, Jer. xxxiii. 3, "Call unto me, I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." The furnace is no unusual place in which to find the saints of God; nor is it any unusual thing to find God himself in the furnace with them; especially, when it is, as it were, heated seven times hotter than usual. *I will be with him in trouble*, is his gracious promise.* He is afflicted in all the afflictions of his people, and is as ready to succour them, as a man is to comfort his dearest child, or to allay the anguish of his own smarting flesh.† "This is the will of God, even our sanctification." And that afflictive dispensations are the appointed means for promoting that end, the divine word abundantly testifies.‡

F 3.

"This

* Ps. xcii. 15.

† Isa. lxiii. 9. Zech. ii. 8.

‡ I beg leave here to introduce the famous answer, of the truly great and venerable Archbishop *Usher*, to some of his friends, who pressed him to give them his thoughts on that question; Wherein consists the es-

"This is all the fruit to take away his sin."
 —He chastens for our *profit, to make us partakers of his holiness.** May we not, then, truly say, "Happy is the man whom God correcteth?" Job. v. 17. "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest and teachest him out of thy law. Ps. xciv. 12. By afflictions we gain much knowledge of ourselves. When corrupt nature is vexed, it shews itself.† As in tempestuous weather, the chinks and openings in the walls of our houses are most sensibly perceived; so in sharp afflictions we learn our own defects and weaknesses.

Afflictions tend to wean us from the world.
 When uninterrupted health and prosperity attend

sence of true gospel-sanctification? After waiting some time, he would gladly have been excused from answering the question; and that, as he declared, because he feared he knew but little of it experimentally.—But his friends still pressing him, the reverend Prelate at length gave his answer in the following words: "The essence of true gospel-sanctification consists, in having my will swallowed up in the will of God." Precious and comprehensive definition indeed! The good Lord perfect it in my own heart! The more I think upon it, the more I admire the justness and propriety of it.

* *Isa.* xxvii. 9. *Heb.* xii. 5—10.

† *Natura vexata, prodit seipsam.*

attend us, we are apt to be too much pleased with our present condition, and to lose sight of the crown of glory, and the everlasting mansions above ; but the loud alarm of afflictive dispensations rouses us from the enchanting delusion. The violence of a tempest teaches the mariner to long the more earnestly for the haven of rest.

Afflictions serve, likewise, to quicken us in our applications to the Lord Jesus Christ. While in ease and tranquillity, a spirit of supineness too often possesses the mind, in regard to Christ and the blessings of his salvation : but, when the tides of distress and sorrow come rolling in upon us, we are willing, we are glad to seek rest in him who is *the hope of Israel, and the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble*. On all these, and many other accounts, I hope I can say ; “ It is good for me that I have been afflicted.* Yea, thanks to my heavenly Father’s name, for the sharpest pains I have felt.—In truly sanctified afflictions we have a striking solution of *Samson’s* riddle. How often and how remarkably is it explained and fulfilled in the experiences of God’s saints, in times of distress !

“ That

* Ps. cxix. 71.

“ That out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong, sweetness.* ” How fit is it that he, who is infinitely wise and unmeasurably kind, should choose our inheritance for us ! And how does it become us to acquiesce entirely in his appointment !

Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies ;
Afflictions from his sov' reign hand,
Are BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

The Lord has just removed my dear, lovely boy, perhaps, to teach me, that himself has the highest right and truest claim to my heart. Amen ; even so Lord Jesus !

Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee ;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear,
That pledge of love for ever there.

God has spoken once, yea twice, and his hand has touched my own frame. This, perhaps, is to teach me, that the present world is not my rest ; but that he will, ere long, remove me from hence. The swelling waves of affliction are but to raise me nearer heaven,
and

* Judges xiv. 14..

and the yawning deeps are designed to awaken my desires after my Master.

All these considerations should teach me to be patient, humble, and resigned. *I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, to murmur or repine, because thou didst it.** I know from whom this awful stroke came. *Thou didst it.* Thou whom I have offended, and therefore ought to take it patiently; thou whom I love, and so can take it kindly. The Lord has not dealt with me according to my deserts. I am chastened but not consumed. I lie in a bed of pain, but instead of this I might have had a bed of flames. *I am poor and needy, but the Lord thinketh upon me in my low estate, and puts underneath me his everlasting arms.* I accept, therefore, this correction most thankfully; yea, *though he slay me, yet will I trust in him, Job xiii. 15.* He visits me with his rod, but this is in mercy. The rod comes on mercy's errand. He kindly sweetens the bitter cup, and *makes all my bed in my sickness.* This calms my soul, and quiets every unruly thought and passion. I charge my heart to be silent and patient still,
and

* *Ps. xxxix. 9.*

and to wait for the salvation of the Lord.* I would *humble myself under the mighty hand of God*. May his fatherly chastisement bring forth in me the peaceable fruits of righteousness. May my whole soul be sweetly and happily stayed on the divine power, truth, faithfulness, wisdom and love; that I may be enabled to bow with humility, submission and adoration, before my God and Father, saying; "Here I am, let him do to me as seemeth good in his sight." I know he is too wise to be mistaken; he is too good to be unkind; and that he is *leading me forth by a right*, though it be a rough way, *that I may go to a city of habitation*, Ps. cvii. 7. May I bow my head, and dutifully stand in the lot which the Almighty Sovereign is pleased to assign. Come then, my soul,

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Far,

* Dum mala pungunt, bona promissa ungunt. God sometimes corrects with outward afflictions, but smiles with inward manifestations; the latter sweeten and alleviate the former. He whips us, if I may so speak, with a rosemary rod. *Gurnal*.

Far, far above thy thought,
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caus'd thy needless fear.

Thou shalt in life and death,
His stedfast truth declare;
And publish with thy latest breath
His love and guardian care.

SECTION XII.

*The Inexcusableness of Indifferency in the
Things of Religion.*

I HAVE ever been out of love with a spirit of lukewarmness and indifferency in religious matters, but never so much as now. Detestable sluggishness! To trifle in the pursuit of any important object is inexcusable; but here it is inexpressibly criminal. What shall I do to shame my conscience with reproaches for my past inactivity? I see the ambitious and earthly-minded solicitous and restless to make themselves great in the world. What toils do they undergo, what unwearied pains do they take, to purchase the regard and veneration of their fellow-worms! What projects do they form, and with what difficulty

ty and unwearied labour do they accomplish their designs, whilst they are but in quest of gaudy toys! and shall I trifle in the pursuit of celestial felicity and honour? ' Shall I
' loiter in the noble strife, when every moment's toil will be recompensed with eternal ages of rest and triumph? See! see!
' the moments fly, the labour shortens, and the
' immense reward draws near! The palm of
' victory, the starry crown, are in view; the
' happy realms and fields of light entertain
' me with their glorious prospect. Rouse
' thee, my soul, to the most active pursuit of
' these felicities!*' Waken all thy sprightly powers, and let it never be thy reproach to breathe the detested spirit of *Laodicean* lukewarmness. Indolence, in religious matters, is inexpressibly loathsome and offensive to the Lord Jesus Christ. And well it may. If Christianity be a real thing, it is the most excellent and important of all objects. How inexcusable, then, must it be, to treat it with indifference! How affronting to its divine Author, to pursue it with a divided heart? Lukewarm water is offensive to the stomachs of men, and provokes a nausea; even so, the

* Mrs. Rowe's Devout Exercises of the Heart.

the Lord Jesus is sick of lukewarm professors, and cannot long bear them. This temper is nauseous to him.* “Why, O ye triflers in religion! why halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; if Baal, follow him.”

A woe is denounced on them *that are at ease in Zion.*† Insensibility and indifference often steal upon the minds of God’s dear saints, by imperceptible degrees. Too many seek their beloved Lord and Saviour, as on the bed of carnal ease and security: do we need to wonder, then, that they *find him not*? Cant. iii. 1, 2, 3. Let me ever imitate the *man after God’s own heart*, in breathing heavenwards, repeatedly and incessantly, for *quickenings* grace.‡ While many sit down in ease and indolence, and rest satisfied with present attainments, let celestial and unextinguished ardour ever fire my bosom, after more conformity to, and nearer communion

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with

* Rev. iii. 16.

† Amos vi. 1.

‡ Ps. cxix. 25, 107, 154. *Quicken me according to thy word.* Ver. 37. *Quicken thou me in thy way.* Ver. 40. *Quicken thou me in thy righteousness.* Ver. 88, 159. *Quicken me after thy loving kindness.* Ver. 149, 156. *Quicken me according to thy judgments.*

with Jesus ! Persuaded I am, there are higher degrees of divine knowledge, faith, love and heavenly mindedness, to be attained in the Christian life, than multitudes, who name the name of Christ, have any experience of. May I and all to whom I have the happiness to stand related in the ties of Christian friendship, be ever helped to express somewhat of the Spirit which so eminently fired the breast of the blessed apostle *Paul* ! May we ever keep a humble sense of, and be dissatisfied with our present attainments ! May we forget the progress already made, *the things that are behind*, and strain every nerve in *reaching forth to what is before us ! that we may apprehend that, for which we are apprehended of Christ Jesus.** May the glorious prize of our high calling be displayed before our believing eyes, that all the ardour of our souls may be awakened to come up to it, and lay hold upon it ! May we never sit down to sleep, never loiter by the way, or stoop to gather despicable pebbles, or strive to *load ourselves with thick clay !* May we never slacken our pace, but daily increase our speed, in *running the race which is set before us*, till we

* *Phil. iii. 12, 13, 14.*

we arrive at the goal, and receive the crown of life !

How little do the bulk of those called Christians, of those, too, in whom we would hope the *root of the matter is found* ; how little do they witness of the power, or comforts, of Christianity ! And, which is still more to be lamented, how contentedly do they go on without aspiring after them ! Where shall we find that fervency of love and zeal, that liveliness and steadiness of faith, that deadness to the world, and those heavenly tempers, which enter so deeply into the essence of living Christianity ? In whom shall we find a steady, lively expectation of, and waiting for immortal blessedness ! How few can we find "rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God ?" Are there not many of Christ's professing people, who are not 'less afraid 'to go to prison than to go to their God ; 'and had rather be banished into a land of 'strangers, than die ?'* O, that we may be recovered from that lethargic indolence, which deadens our attention to the one thing needful !

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Come

* *Barter's Dying Thoughts* abridged, p. 88.

Come holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

SECTION XIII.

*The Hurtfulness of trifling Contentions in
 Religious Matters.*

IT was *Luther's* prayer, "that God would deliver his church from a vain-glorious teacher, a contentious pastor, and useless questions."* Have not we, in the present age, reason to say, *Amen*, to it? It has been said, Where controversy begins, religion often ends. And, though I am persuaded, this is not always the case, yet is it not certain, that when we deal much in disputes, especially about smaller matters, we hazard our own peace of mind, and endanger the temper of meekness and love? In some circumstances, Providence may call us to contend earnestly for the faith, once delivered to the saints, against its common

* A doctore glorioso, a pastore contentioso, & inutilibus quæstionibus libera ecclesiam, Deus.

mon enemies ; but a great many trifling disputes are carried on, by the professing followers of Jesus, which have not only been unedifying, but greatly prejudicial to the interests of religion in general, and particularly to the life and power of godliness in the soul.—Let us, then, follow after the things that make for peace, and things whereby one may edify another. Let brotherly love continue. The face of death, and the near prospects of eternity, will teach us the vanity of *striving about words to no profit*. It is the devil's device to draw off our attention from weightier matters. God is one, and loves unity among his people. The curtains of the tabernacle were ordered to be coupled together, that *it might be one tabernacle*, Exod. xxxvi. 13—18. What should this signify, but the knitting and clasping together of the saints in love? In the primitive ages, the very enemies of God were struck with the mutual love that appeared in the followers of Jesus ; and often cried out, " See how they love one another, and are willing to die one for another ! " Whereas now, the opposers of powerful godliness warm themselves at the fire of our contentions, and say, *Aha ! so would we have it.*

O that we might all endeavour to speak the same things, and be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment ! This would make us *Συνδυχοι*, men of *one heart and soul*, which is the most lovely and engaging sight in the world, Acts ii. 46, 47. It is a lively emblem of heaven. Let us *strive together* against the common foe, and his various stratagems : but let there be no *strife between us*, no opposition one to another, *because we are brethren* ; children of the same Father, members of the same body, *partakers of like precious faith*, embarked on the same bottom, heirs of the same inheritance, and travelling to the same country.*

Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart ;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, shall part.

We

* It is said, that *Alexander Severus* finding two Christians contending with each other, commanded them, that they should not take the name of Christ upon them any longer. For you greatly dishonour your Master, (said he) whose servants you profess yourselves to be. *Flavel*.

We all are one, who him receive,
And each with each agree ;
In him our root, our head we live,
Blest point of unity !

Clofer and clofer let us cleave,
To his belov'd embrace ;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

SECTION XIV.

The Onsets of Satan.

WHEN God corrects and causes us to feel the smart of his rod, *Satan*, in the height of his malice, labours to cast his salt and vinegar into the wound. The busy enemy is ever wakeful and vigilant. When death approaches, he hath but one cast more for the game, one skirmish more to get, or lose, the victory for ever. In such circumstances, therefore, he is never wanting to try the power of his diabolical art, as far as the Almighty Sovereign shall permit him. As *Esau* waited for the days of mourning for his father, that he might execute his malicious purpose on *Jacob*, so it is here. Times of affliction are the days of mourning, in which *Satan* designs

designs us the greatest mischief. He not only tempts and distresses, but often *accuses* the poor afflicted children of God. His name, *Satan*, denotes him to be an *adversary*, an *accuser*. He aggravates the sins of God's people, and calls aloud for vengeance; crying, Down with them, down with them, even to the dust. He says, like *Pharaoh* of old, I will pursue them with malice and rage, I will tear them in pieces like a lion, my lust shall be satisfied upon them. Happy for us that the dear Redeemer cuts short his power, secures his chain in his own hand, and *will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able; but with every temptation, will make a way for our escape*, at present, and will bruise *Satan under our feet shortly*.

The tempter, likewise, frequently comes in after great manifestations of divine love to the soul, whether in sickness or health. We can neither well bear the smiles, nor the frowns, of our heavenly Father, without a snare. We are in danger on both hands, and the subtile enemy spies his advantage. As some vile impostor attacks a young, rich heir, when he is flush with money, and endeavours by a thousand arts to inveigle him out of it; even

even so *Satan* attacks the Christian when he has been on the mount of comfort. Christ had pronounced a blessing on *Peter*, for the confession he had made ; the all-discerning Saviour presently perceived *Satan* standing at *Peter's* elbow.* The apostle *Paul* was transported into the third heaven, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter ; but soon the messenger of *Satan* buffets him, which was to him as a thorn in his flesh.† This, as it is a proof of *Satan's* malice, so the permission of it is an instance of God's mercy, as is evident from the case just mentioned : it was suffered so to be, says the penetrating apostle, lest I should be exalted above measure. Take courage then, O my soul, the adversary, though subtile and furious, is under the restraining hand of Omnipotence, and victory is sure on the Christian's side.

The sharpest conflicts e'er I bore,
Sha'nt spoil my future peace ;
For *Satan's* self can do no more
Than what my Father please,

SEC-

* *Matt.* xvi. 17, 23.† *2 Cor.* xii. 1—9.

SECTION XV.

The Reality and Importance of the Religion of Jesus.

UPON the whole, then, there is a *reality* in the religion of Jesus. Of this I have been long persuaded; but the bright conviction never struck me so deeply as now.

‘I thought so once, but now I know it.’

They who never felt the real influences of religion on their own souls, will not believe that others feel them. Serious piety, is a subject of ridicule with many. This is one of the cursed snares of *Satan*, by which he ruins thousands. They treat religion as if it were only a fancy, and the zeal of its professors as the intemperate heat of some crazy brains, or the effect of wild enthusiasm. This is just as the grand deceiver would have it. Dreadful delusion! fatal to the interests, and destructive to the well-being of the immortal soul! A dying-bed would teach them otherwise. Were the veil of mortality now to drop, so long as my tongue could move, I would bear testimony with my dying breath, against the levity and atheism of the age.

Living,

Living, powerful Christianity, is the greatest reality in the world.

And as it is a real thing, so 'it is the only thing that will stand us in stead in the hour of death. Neither wealth, nor power, nor greatness, nor friends, will be of any avail then. Men may despise it while they are in health and strength, and in the midst of affluence and pleasure: but where is the wretch that dares laugh at it in the immediate views of eternity?—Ah! no. They then think otherwise. Had they millions of worlds, they would part with them all, to obtain the comforts and hopes which are derived only from this source. How desirable then is an interest in Christ! He alone can save an immortal soul from the miseries of the second death, and give it an admission into the realms of light and glory above. O may this therefore be the grand object of our concern, and may every thing else be held in sovereign contempt, when compared with this the greatest good.*' I shall close

* See Dr. Stennet's *Personal religion*, vol. 2, page 400, 8vo. edit. A work which it would be trifling in me to attempt to recommend. I am glad to see a second edition of it in 12mo. at an easy price, and could wish every poor family might be furnished with it.

close these meditations with the following excellent poem, by Dr. *Watts*.

A Sight of Heaven in Sickness.

OFT have I sat in secret sighs,
To feel my flesh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes,
To view the tott'ring clay.

But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain;
Diseases bring their profit too;
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

My chearful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings;
Looks thro' the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.

Faith almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies,
Her fair inheritance, in light
Above created skies.

Had but the prison-walls been strong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw.

But

But now the everlasting hills
Thro' every chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels
While she's a pris'ner here.

The shines of heaven rush sweetly in
At all the gaping flaws ;
Visions of endless bliss are seen,
And native air she draws.

O, may these walls stand tott'ring still,
The breaches never close,
If I must here in darkness dwell,
And all this glory lose !

Or, rather, let this flesh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
Till, glad to see th' enlarged way,
I stretch my pinions through.



APPENDIX, No. I.

DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES

FOR THE

AFFLICTED.

SECTION I.

The Prayer of a Sick Person, some of whose Relations have experienced restoring Mercy.

GREAT and merciful God, who art the giver and preserver of life and health, be gracious to me, thy poor servant, who am now weakened by disease and affliction.

Thou hast done me good all my life long unto this day. Thou hast brought me through many troubles. When some of my dear relations have been greatly afflicted, thou hast spared them, and brought them up from the gates of the grave. I thank thee for all thy mercies to them and to me.

I acknow-

I acknowledge, O Lord, that I have not loved nor served thee, as I ought to have done.

Forgive, I beseech thee, all my forgetfulness of thee, and all the sins and follies of my past life, for the sake of thy dear Son Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, such as I am.

Help me to hope and trust, not in myself, nor in any thing I have done ; but in the mediation of Jesus, and the sacrifice he hath offered up for the sins of men.

O give me a right understanding of the things which belong to my peace, and that true faith which will enable me to overcome the world, and the fear of death.

O Lord, I am weak and feeble ; have pity on me, help me, strengthen and comfort my fainting heart.

Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, grant me thy peace.

Lord, take away thy stroke from me, lest I be consumed by the blow of thine hand.

Give me patience to bear my affliction while it continues, and mercifully restore me from the bed of languishing, that I may hereafter live to the praise and glory of thy name.

O Lord, hear me ; O Lord, save me ; bless me, and deliver me. Lift up the light of thy countenance upon me, and be gracious unto me, for the sake of thy Son Jesus Christ, my only Saviour and Redeemer.*

Our Father, &c.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask

This is the total sum ;

For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,

O let thy mercy come.

SECTION. II.

The Prayer of one under a dangerous Disease.

O LORD God Almighty, in whom I live, move, and have my being ; I acknowledge it to be of thy mercies that I am not consumed, and because thy compassions fail not.

Thou wouldst have been just and righteous, if thou hadst, long before this time, cut me off in my sins, and shut me up in final despair.

Thou

* Simple language, and short sentences are thought to be most proper in exercises of this kind, when disease has enfeebled every power, both of body and soul.

Thou mightest now justly refuse to hear my prayer, since I have often been deaf to the voice of thy word, and of thy providence.

But thou art *God*, and not *man*; thy thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor thy ways as our ways.

Thy mercy is above the heavens; and to that mercy I fly, as my only refuge.

Thou hast commanded us to call upon thee in the time of trouble; thou hast graciously promised to hear, and to give us cause to glorify thee, for thy goodness and mercy.

I come to thee, O Lord, in my present distressed state, under thy afflicting hand.

Look down, I beseech thee, upon me, and be gracious unto me, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies.

Though my disease is heavy upon me, thou canst rebuke it, raise me up, and make me whole. Speak the word, and it shall be done.

In submission to thy holy will, I beg this mercy at thy hands.

Remove thy stroke away from me, and this bitter cup which thou hast given me to drink.

Direct to the means most proper for my help, and command a blessing upon them.

Spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

But however it shall please thee to deal with my feeble body, O Lord, have mercy on my soul.

Let my soul be precious in thy sight; let it be saved with an everlasting salvation.

Make me to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent; whom to know is life eternal.

Give me true repentance; give me a living faith in the Redeemer of lost sinners.

Let my polluted soul be washed in the fountain set open for sin and uncleanness.

Impart thy Holy Spirit unto me, to sanctify my heart, and to work in me to will and to do of thy good pleasure.

Fit me, O Lord, for living or for dying; fit me for whatever in thy wise and holy providence, thou hast designed for me; that whether I live, I may live unto thee; or whether I die, I may die unto thee; so that living and dying I may be thine.

O that to me to live may be Christ, and to die, gain; that I may have cause to glorify thy name for ever.

Should

Should it be thy pleasure to raise me up from this bed of languishing, to continue a little while longer on earth, O that I may live in thy fear, and to thy glory !

If thou hast determined, that this sickness shall be unto death, and this visitation my last visitation, prepare me, O merciful God, for thy heavenly kingdom, where sickness and sorrow shall never be known.

Hear me, O Lord, hear me ; and give me peace in my latter end, through that Almighty Redeemer, by whose stripes I hope for healing, and by whose death I look for life for evermore. Amen.

SECTION III.

Desiring to be dissolved.

A German Physician expressed the following Words, when going to leave the World.

LORD, I am oppressed, but to me it is enough that thy hand hath done it.

My breast burns now at the sight of eternal life, the beginnings of which I do really feel within me.

Son

Son of God, my soul longs with desire, and leaps with joy to come to thee ; and because it is yet withheld, I think the time long.

I desire to be dissolved ; O let me be dissolved that I may be with thee. I groan for that dwelling above, which thou hast revealed to me.

As the traveller in a dark night longs for the rising sun, so do I earnestly look for the brightness of that light, which is in the presence of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

There I shall follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. O glorious and divine Leader !

The eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard what God hath prepared for them that love him, neither hath it entered into the heart of man.

This earthly life is but death ; but that is life indeed which Christ hath begun in my soul ; and now I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.

I see the heavens now open ! Now let thy servant depart in peace ; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

Thou, Jesus Christ, art my resurrection and my life.

How

How lovely are thy tabernacles, O my Redeemer !

I die in the Lord, who is my life, and in the acknowledgment and faith of Jesus Christ.

O pleasant change, and translation from sin into a state of holiness ; from darkness into light ; and from death into life !

SECTION IV.

The Dying Christian committing himself, his Relations and Friends to God.

LORD God of my salvation, I cannot pray to thee as I ought, but all my desire is before thee, and my groaning is not hid from thee.

In thee do I desire to put my trust ; let me not be ashamed of my hope.

I will never forget thy precepts ; for with them thou hast quickened and comforted me.

I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only, as the refuge of my soul, and the ground of my confidence.

O manifest thyself to me, in this needful hour ; let me have more intimate communion

nion with thee, the Father of mercies, through thy Son Jesus Christ.

O shine upon my soul, and glorify thy abundant grace in me; the grace which reigns through righteousness, to eternal life.

O Lord, be the Conductor, the near Conductor of those dear objects of my affections, from whom I am now going to be separated.

I hope the separation will but be for a time, and not for ever.

I leave to thee my fatherless children; do thou preserve them alive; and may they live to thy glory.

May my widow trust in thee. I commit her to thy care. Be a husband to her. Support her by thine arm; and carry the lambs, our dear offspring, in thy bosom. Let not one of them be lost.—What can I more say?—Thou, O Lord, knowest all my desire concerning them.

Be with my dear christian friends. O let a sense of the majesty, the greatness, and the solemnity of spiritual things be ever kept upon their minds.

Let Christ reign in them, and his glory be seen upon them.

Let

Let the days of darkness, of error, and of ungodliness pass away.

Let the kingdom of Christ be extended and exalted abundantly.

O let thy own will be done upon earth, as it is done in heaven.

May truth, holiness and sincerity prevail in every place, and much of a child-like spirit appear in all thy children ; that they may be all one in Christ Jesus.

May that spirit of lukewarmness, which is so hateful to thee, be banished for ever.

O Lord, save thy people from it, and make them fervent in spirit in thy service continually.

O glorify thyself, in building up thy church, and in making her a praise in the earth.

And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in thee. Deliver me from all my offences, and receive me to thy heavenly kingdom, that I may behold thy glory for ever. Amen.

SECTION V.

Broken Sentences, of Waban, the Indian, when going to expire.

Taken down from his Lips by one present on the Occasion.

I NOW rejoice, though I be dying. Great is my affliction in this world ; but I hope that God doth so afflict me to try my praying to him, whether it be true and strong, or not.

I hope that God doth gently call me to repentance, and to prepare to come to him ; therefore he layeth upon me great pain and affliction.

Though my body be almost broken by affliction, yet I desire to remember thy name, Oh my God.

Till I die, I will remember these sayings of the patient Job ; “ Oh, that my words were now written ; Oh, that they were printed in a book !

“ That they were graven with an iron pen and lead, in the rock for ever !

“ For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.

“ And

“And though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God ;

“ Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another ; though my reins be consumed within me.”

I desire not to be troubled about matters of this world ; I am a little troubled.

You my brethren, and all you my children, I desire you do not greatly weep and mourn for me.

I am now almost dying ; but see that you do strongly pray to God ; and do you also prepare to die ; for you must all come to this.

Therefore, confess your sins, every one of you, and believe in Jesus Christ.

I believe that which is written in the book of God.

Consider truly, and repent, and believe ; then God will pardon all your great and many sins.

God can pardon all your sins as easily as one ; for God's free mercy and glory do fill all the world.

He will in no wise forget those that in this world do sincerely repent and believe.

Verily, this is love, Oh my God.

I

There-

Therefore I desire that God will do this for me, though in my body I am full of pain.

I pray you do not overmuch grieve for me when I die ; but prepare to follow me ; and there we shall see one another, in eternal glory.

In this world we live but a short time ; therefore we must always be preparing, that we may be ready to die.

O my God, I humbly pray thee, receive my soul, by thy free mercy in Jesus Christ, my Saviour and Redeemer.

For Christ hath died for me, and for all my sins committed in this world.

My great God hath given me long life, and therefore I am now willing to die.

Oh Jesus Christ, help my soul ; I believe that my sickness doth not arise out of the dust, nor come by chance, for God sendeth it.

By this sickness he calleth me to repent of all my sins ; and to believe in Jesus Christ.

Now I confess myself a great sinner ; Oh pardon me, and help me, for Christ's sake !

Lord, thou hast called me with a double calling ; sometimes by prosperity and mercy, sometimes by affliction.

Now

Now thou callest me by sickness; let me not forget thee, O my God; those that forget thee shall be cast into hell; let me never forget thee, O my God!

I give my soul to thee, O my Redeemer, Jesus Christ; pardon all my sins, and save me.

O do thou help me against death, and then I am willing to die; and when I die, Oh help me, and receive me! Amen.

SECTION XIII.

A good Hope through Grace, the Support of a dying Christian.

Expressions of Dr. Doddridge in his Sickness.

GOD hath, as it were, let heaven down upon me, in these nights of weakness and waking.

I am not once suffered to lose my hope.

My confidence is, not that I have lived such or such a life, or served God in this or the other manner; I know of no prayer I ever offered, no service I ever performed, but there has been such a mixture of what was wrong in it, that instead of recommending

me to the favour of God, I need his pardon, through Christ, for the same.

I have no hope in what I have been or done. Yet I am full of confidence; and this is my confidence, there is a *hope set before me*. I have fled, and I still fly for refuge to that hope.

In him I trust; in him I have strong consolation, and shall surely be accepted in this beloved of my soul.

The spirit of adoption is given me, enabling me to cry, *Abba, Father*.

I have no doubt of being a child of God, and that life and death, and all my present exercises, are directed in mercy, by my adored heavenly Father.

SECTION VII.

Cranmer's Prayer, before he suffered Martyrdom.

O FATHER of heaven; O Son of God, Redeemer of the world; O Holy Ghost, proceeding from them both; three persons, and one God; have mercy upon me, a most wretched and miserable sinner! I have offended

fended both heaven and earth more grievously than tongue can express ! Whither should I go, or where can I fly for succour ? To heaven I am ashamed to lift up mine eyes ; and on earth I find no refuge ! What shall I then do ? Shall I despair ? God forbid ! O good God, thou art merciful, and refuseth none, who come unto thee for succour. To thee therefore do I run ; to thee do I humble myself ; saying, O Lord my God, my sins are great, but yet have compassion upon me, for thy infinite mercy's sake !

O God the Son, thou wast not made man for those only whose debts were not large ; this great mystery was not wrought for few or small offences only ; neither didst thou give thy Son to die, O God the Father, for our smaller crimes, but for the greatest sine of men, so that the sinner return to thee, with a penitent heart, as I do now in this moment. Wherefore take pity on me, O Lord, whose property is always to have mercy ; for though my sins be great, yet thy mercy is greater.— I crave nothing, O Lord, for my own merits, but for thy name's sake, and that it may be glorified thereby, and for thy Son Jesus Christ's sake ; in whose words I conclude my earnest requests to thee ; Our Father, &c.

SECTION VIII.

*Short Requests to God ; which may be used by
the Friends or Relations of one who is
very weak.*

O LORD God of infinite mercy and grace, look down from heaven on this afflicted person, and save and deliver *him* in this awful hour of distress and calamity. Thou hast seen meet to lay thy chastening hand on *his* body, but O be merciful to his soul, that it may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. Look upon *his* affliction and *his* pain, and forgive all *his* sins.

All things are possible with thee ; and if thou speakest the word, thy servant may yet be healed. O raise *him* up to glorify thee, by fearing before thee, and serving thee in truth and sincerity, all his remaining days.

But if thou hast otherwise determined, O merciful God, spare thy servant till thou hast made *him* meet for thy kingdom. Help *him* in his extremity to cry unto thee, " God be merciful to me, a sinner," and do thou hear in heaven thy dwelling place, and grant an answer of peace. Bestow on *him* that repentance,

pentance, faith, and purity of heart, without which no man can see thy face with comfort. Send down thy blessed Spirit into *his* heart, to sanctify *him*, and make *him* meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. Thou delightest not in the death of sinners, but hast given thy Son Jesus Christ to redeem and save such; do thou, O most merciful God, for the sake of his agonies and death, pardon and save this thy afflicted servant. Teach *him* and us to submit to thy holy will; and let this visitation be sanctified to *his* and our everlasting benefit, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

SECTION IX.

A Complaint of the Want of a heavenly Temper.

AS I am hastening to the other world where I must exist for ever, I should learn to value things by their relation to that eternal state. The affairs which are confined to the present life, are but of little moment, compared with the concerns of eternity.

O my soul! compare thy present with thy future existence, and never call any thing great and good, which reaches no further than this moment of time, which will not accompany thee into the other world, and which has no connexion with immortality.

Hear the language of the heirs of glory ; *We look not at the things which are seen, and but temporal ;* we make them not our scope ; we would scarcely glance at them, or cast an eye upon them. The things which are seen, the affairs of this world, are in themselves but cyphers ; it is eternity that deserves the attention and regard of those who are hastening to it.

I am directed by the Author of salvation, *not to labour for the meat that perishes ;* of which nature are all earthly things, that relate only to the body. I ought to be comparatively indifferent about these things. My labour, my most earnest care, is due to eternal things. This is a point of the highest wisdom, a mistake in which is one principal cause of ruin to those that perish.

I am ashamed to think how often, and how long I have forgot myself, and the relation I bear to eternity. How little have I been affected

fectcd about the affairs of my soul! How have the cares and the vanities of this short and uncertain life filled up my thoughts from day to day! How have I suffered my affections to wander after earthly shadows, as if they were the only things worthy of pursuit!

Why, O why should I suffer my mind thus to cleave to things below, and weary myself with toil and solicitude respecting what I must shortly leave! *One thing is needful*; but I have been cumbered about many things, while that one thing has been shamefully neglected!

As I am in a little while to leave this world, O that I might begin to live for eternity! Let me not be a stranger to that heavenly country, where I would hope to dwell for ever. Let all my affections, all my designs, and all my endeavours, have some relation to it; that so my *conversation may be in heaven*. May I esteem every thing which relates only to the present life, as little and mean, in comparison with what belongs to the life to come. Surely this ought to have been the case, through all the past years of my pilgrimage here.

O that

O that my heart may be now framed and formed for a blessed immortality ! O that I may now at length begin to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, setting my affection on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right of God.

O thou Father of spirits, who hast endued me with an immortal nature, visit this soul of mine in mercy. Enlighten, purify, and sanctify me throughout ; that I may be prepared to dwell in thy presence. Help me to be separating myself more and more from earthly things, and to be breathing after immortality.

I would leave the men of the world to pursue its vanities ; I have a nobler prize before me : a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. May I gird up the loins of my mind, be sober and hope to the end, for the grace that is to be brought unto us, at the revelation of Jesus Christ.

O be my warmest passions dead
To all that earth can boast ;
This soul of mine was never made
For vanity and dust.

Now

Now may I fix my thoughts above,
And hate their flatt'ring charms,
Till the dear object of my love
Shall call me to his arms.

Earth has detain'd me pris'ner long,
But I'm grown weary now ;
My heart, my hands, my eyes, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

I'll be confin'd to earth no more,
But mount in haste above,
To see the Saviour I adore,
And sing the God I love.

SECTION X.

Transporting View of the Glory of Christ.

Extracted from the Diary of President Edwards.

I HAVE sometimes had a sense of the excellent fulness of Christ, and his meetness and suitableness as a Saviour ; whereby he has appeared to me, far above all, the chief of ten thousands. And his blood and atonement have appeared sweet, and his righteousness sweet ; which is always accompanied with

with an ardency of spirit, and inward strugglings and breathings, and groanings that cannot be uttered, to be emptied of myself, and swallowed up in Christ.

Once, as I rode out into the woods for my health, I alighted from my horse in a retired place, as my manner commonly has been, to walk for divine contemplation and prayer ; I had a view, that for me was extraordinary, of the glory of the Son of God, as Mediator between God and man ; his wonderful, great, full, pure, and sweet grace and love, and his meek and gentle condescension. This grace, that seemed to me so calm and sweet, appeared great above the heavens.

The person of Christ appeared ineffably glorious, with an excellency great enough to swallow up all thought and conception. This continued, as near as I can judge, about an hour ; which kept me the great part of the time, in a flood of tears, and weeping aloud.

I felt withal, an ardency of soul to be, what I know not otherwise how to express, than to be emptied and annihilated ; to lie in the dust, and to be full of Christ alone ; to love him with a holy and pure love ; to trust in him ; to live upon him ; to serve and follow him ;

him; and to be totally wrapped up in the fulness of Christ; and to be perfectly sanctified and made pure, with a divine and heavenly purity.

I have several other times had views very much of the same nature, and that have had the same effects.

SECTION XI.

The Soul committed to God, in the Prospect of Death.

TO thee, O Lord, I commit my soul, as to a faithful Creator. I know that thou art the God of truth, keeping covenant and mercy with them that love thee, and observe thy commandments. Thou art faithful, who hast called me to the fellowship of thy Son Jesus Christ. Thy faithfulness has saved me in the midst of many temptations, and kept me from prevailing evil. O preserve my whole spirit and soul and body unto the coming of Christ. It is in faithfulness that thou hast afflicted me, and shall I not trust in thee for my whole salvation? Lord, it is thy faithful saying, that Jesus Christ, thy Son, came into

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the world to save sinners, that those who believe in his name, and commit themselves to him, may have everlasting life.

To thee, O my Saviour, I therefore commit my soul ; it is thine by creation, thine by covenant, thine by redemption. Hast thou not sealed it for thy own ? Hast thou not promised that it shall not be lost ? Thou wast made like unto thy brethren, that thou mightest be a faithful and merciful High Priest, in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for our sins. By thy blood we have boldness to enter into the holiest, by a new and living way, consecrated for us. Cause me to draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith. Thy name is faithful and true. True and faithful are all thy promises. Thou invitest weary souls to come unto thee, and hast promised to give them rest. I am weary of the burden of the flesh ; weary of conflicts, sufferings and sorrows ; and above all, weary of sin. I am weary of my darkness, dullness and distance from thee. Where should I look for rest but in thy bosom ? Lord I would willingly fly to thy embrace.

I am but as a bruised reed ; but the bruised reed thou wilt not break. I am but as smoking
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ing flax ; but the smoking flax which thy grace has kindled, thou wilt not quench. In thee the Gentiles trust. Thou redeemest the souls of thy servants, and none that trust in thee shall be desolate. I will wait on thy name, for it is good ; I will trust in the mercy of God for ever and ever.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, a strong hold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him. Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust.

SECTION XII.

Reflections for the Aged.

THOU art my hope, O Lord God ; thou art my trust from my youth. By thee have I been holden up from the womb ; my praise shall be continually of thee. Cast me not off in the time of old age ; forsake me not when my strength faileth. O God ! thou hast taught me from my youth. Now also, when I am old and grey-headed, O God ! forsake me not. Mine eyes are unto thee, who art the strength of Israel ; in thee is my trust ; leave not my soul destitute.

Through all the past years of my life, thou hast borne with my manners, with great patience and long-suffering. Thy loving-kindness and tender mercies have continually followed me to the present moment. How many have I seen cut off on my right hand, and on my left, yet I am spared, and thou art still adding new mercies to my life. O let it be for some good purpose that I am suffered to live so long in this world. Help me to improve all the opportunities and means of grace which I enjoy, for the advantage of my soul; and may the remaining days I have to live, be the best and happiest of my whole life; that I may bring forth more fruit in old age, and be more fat and flourishing than I have hitherto been.*

I feel

* There is as much need for ministers, as well as private christians, to pray to be kept in old age, and unto the end, as at any time of their lives. And yet, one might be ready to think, that he who hath escaped the danger of his younger years, should have no great fear in his latter days; but that his experience might guard him against any thing. However, it is not so. For many who have run well, and acted very commendably for a while, have, even in their declining years, been suffered to fall by temptation and sin, to the great injury of the cause of Christ. This may moderate our grief, when young men of great hopes are

I feel a train of infirmities stealing fast upon me. Dimness of sight, dulness of hearing, stiffness of joints, with pain and weakness in the various members of my feeble frame. I feel daily that I am going the way of all the earth. There is no man that liveth and shall not see death. The longer I have escaped it, the nearer am I now to it. I ought every day to be looking for my great change. Perhaps this night, my soul may be required of me. O let not my length of days tempt me to forget my end ! May I keep the final scene in prospect, that I may order all my concerns as a dying man, and as one ready to drop into the grave. May I be waiting, watching and preparing for the coming of the Lord, that at his coming, I may be found ready.

Thou, O gracious God, hast saved many old sinners ; be merciful to me ; and, for the sake of thy dear Son Jesus Christ, pardon all the sins of my past life. Shew me some token for good, that I shall find mercy at thy hands at my last hour ; that I may depart in

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peace,

taken away.—O how much rather had I die in peace quickly, than live to disgrace the gospel, and be a stumbling block to any. *J. Roger.*

peace, finish my course with joy, and be numbered among the redeemed and blessed of the Lord.

By long experience I have known
Thy sov'reign pow'r to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

When I lie bury'd in the dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These withering limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

SECTION XIII.

Christ All in All.

Some of the last Words of the celebrated Mr. James Hervey.

WHAT is my hope with regard to my future and immortal state?

Truly, my hope, my whole hope, is even in the Lord my Redeemer.

Should the king of terrors threaten, I fly to the wounds of the slaughtered Lamb, as the trembling dove to the clefts of the rock.

Should Satan accuse, I plead the surety of the covenant, who took my guilt upon himself,

self, and bore my sins in his own body on the tree.

Should the law denounce a curse, I appeal to him who hung on the accursed tree, on purpose that the nations of the earth might be blessed.

Should hell open its jaws, and demand its prey, I look up to that gracious Being, who says, "Deliver him from going down into the pit; I have found a ransom."

Should it be said, 'No unclean thing can enter into heaven,' my answer is, The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin; though my sins be as scarlet, through this blood they shall be as white as snow.

Should it be added, 'None shall sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb, without a wedding garment, and your righteousnesses, what are they before the pure law, and the piercing eye of God, but filthy rags?' These I renounce, and seek to be found in Christ Jesus, who is the Lord my righteousness.

It is written in that word which is to judge the world at the last day, "By his obedience shall many be made righteous."

So

So that Jesus, the dear and adorable Jesus, is all my trust. His merits are my staff, when I pass through the valley of the shadow of death.

His merits are my anchor, when I launch into the boundless ocean of eternity.

His merits are the only riches, which my poor soul, when stripped of its body, desires to carry into the invisible world.

If the God of glory pleases to take notice of any mean endeavours to honour his holy name, it will be infinite condescension and grace; but his Son, his righteous and suffering Son, is all my hope, and all my salvation.

SECTION XIV.

*Peace of Conscience under Affliction.**

O Gracious God, amidst these storms of nature,
Thine eyes behold a sweet and sacred calm
Reign through the realms of conscience: all within
Lies peaceful, all compos'd. 'Tis wondrous grace
Keeps off thy terrors from my humble bosom,
Though stain'd with sins and follies, yet serene
In penitential peace, and chearful hope,
Sprinkled and guarded with atoning blood.

Thy

* See Dr. Watt's Miscel. Thoughts.

Thy vital smiles amidst this desolation,
 Like heav'nly sun-beams hid behind the clouds,
 Break out in happy moments, with bright radiance
 Cleaving the gloom; the fair celestial light
 Softens and gilds the horrors of the storm,
 And richest cordials to the heart conveys.

O glorious solace of immense distress,
 A conscience and a God! A friend at home,
 A better friend on high! This is my rock
 Of firm support, my shield of sure defence,
 Against infernal arrows. Rise, my soul,
 Put on thy courage; here's the living spring
 Of joys divinely sweet and ever new,
A peaceful conscience, and a smiling Heaven.

My God permit a weeping worm to say,
Thy Spirit knows I love thee. Worthless wretch,
 To dare to love a God! But grace requires,
 And grace accepts, Thou seest my labouring soul;
 Weak as my zeal is, yet my zeal is true;
 It bears the trying furnace. Love divine
 Constrains me; I am thine. Incarnate love
 Has seiz'd and holds me in almighty arms.
 Here's my salvation, my eternal hope,
 Amidst the wreck of worlds, and dying nature,
*I am the Lord's, and he for ever mine.**

SEC.

* Of Watts, Doddridge, Hervey, and some others,
 I beg leave to say,

————— *Animæ, quales neque candidiores
 Terra tulit, neque queis me sit devinctior alter.*

SECTION XV.

Portions of Scripture proper to be suggested by attending friends, for the Consolation of the Afflicted.

Promises of Support under Affliction.

WHOM the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. Heb. xii. 6.

It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not. Lam. iii. 22.

Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us, a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. 2 Cor. iv. 17.

Promises of Pardon.

He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. Isai. liii. 5.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they

they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. Isai. i. 18.

We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins. 1 John ii. 1, 2.

To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name, whosoever believeth in him, shall receive remission of sins. Acts x. 43.

Promises of Justification.

Much more then being justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. Rom. v. 9.

Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Rom. viii. 33, 34.

For he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. 2 Cor. v. 21.

Victory over Death.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou
art

art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Ps. xxiii. 4.

My heart and my strength faileth ; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. Ps. lxxiii. 26.

O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. 2 Cor. xv. 55, 57.

We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. 2 Cor. v. i.

SECTION XVI.

Faith Triumphant.

When John-Jacob Ulrick, of Zurich, in Swisserland, finished his Course, the following Sentences dropped from his dying Lips :

O Sweet Jesus ! in a feeble voice I turn myself to thee.

In thy name I began ; and in thy name I finish ; all glory be to thee alone !

Many things have I to ask of thee, and I will do it on my dying-bed with full freedom.

This only I pray, that I may not be refused. If I can be of any use to thy church, O restore

store me ! If not, O free me from this world,
which to me is far better.

Thou knowest I do not shun death ; I
wish and wait for it with open arms.

Let him be afraid of death who is unwilling
to go to Christ ; who has no hope of
reigning with Christ.

This I do not only hope for, but am firmly
assured of it, though I am deserving of hell
over and over.

Why then should I be afraid of death ?
Why not rather long for it ? Christ is my life,
and to die is my exceeding great gain.

Yea, Lord, let me now die, that I may see
thee.

How many thousand wishes do I send for
thee !

O Jesus ! when wilt thou satisfy my soul ?

But what do I say ? Behold, I see, even
now, heaven opened, and the Son of Man at
the right hand of God ; but I see it through
the lattice, and only as in a glass.

I see it, but not near. O that I might soon
see it face to face !

O that I might soon embrace thee as pre-
sent, my gracious Redeemer, and be satisfied
with the blessings of thy temple, thy holy
sanctuary !

L

O grant,

O grant, that I may soon come out of the tribulation, wherein I have resisted unto blood ; appear before thee in a white robe, with palms in my hands ; and with the whole innumerable company of thine, sing eternal praises to thee !

Grant, Lord Jesus, that in conformity to thee, I may soon go from the cross to the crown, from thorns to roses, from danger to security, from tribulation to refreshing, from labour to rest, from contempt to honour, from fighting to victory, from striving to triumphing, from suffering to glory, from hoping to the thing hoped for, from believing to enjoying, and from death to life !

When I get there, I will break out in triumph, "*It is finished !* I now see what I sought ; I have what I longed for."

Lord Jesus ! I am sick of love ; my heart burns after thee !

Behold, I see the heavens open ; and not only so, but open to receive me. I see my Saviour face to face, and my soul is made whole !

APPENDIX, No. II.

A LETTER TO A LADY

IN

LONDON,

ON

THE DEATH OF A FRIEND

IN THE COUNTRY.

Heav'n owns its friends
On this side death, and points them out to men;
A lecture, silent, but of sov'reign pow'r!
Sweet peace, and heav'nly hope, and humble joy,
Divinely beam on their exalted souls,
Destruction gild, and crown them for the skies,
With incommunicable lustre, bright!

YOUNG.

DEAR MADAM,

AS you request me to give you some account of the death of Miss E . . . M the following particulars I hope will not be unacceptable.

Before it pleased God to engage her attention to the great concerns of a future state,

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she

she was in some danger of being too much captivated with the fascinating splendour of gay and polite life. The death of a relation was the mean, in the hand of the Almighty, of leading her to see, in a just light, the vanity of the world. This event produced such sensations and reflections in her mind, as had the most salutary tendency. She began to be apprehensive, from the precarious state of her health, that she had no reason to expect a long continuance here. Death, at that time, appeared to her with a most dreadful aspect, because she knew herself to be a sinner, and not in a state of reconciliation and friendship with God.

The pardon of sin, the sanctification of her nature, and a disposition suited to the heavenly world, she was fully convinced, were necessary to future happiness. For many childish and youthful follies she stood self-condemned, and though she did not make known her inward inquietudes to any one, she had, for some time, sore conflicts in her own breast. She sought relief from God only, pouring out her requests before his throne for that mercy which is never denied to those
who

who sincerely ask it, in the name of Jesus. He who hath said, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me," was pleased to manifest himself to her, in so gracious a manner, as at once to remove her disquieting fears, and establish her mind in hope and tranquillity.—Looking one day into that small volume, entitled, 'A golden Treasury for the Children of God,' the meditation designed for April 7, page 127, engaged her particular attention. The portions of the divine word there inserted, she found, as she told me, exactly suited to her case. Her own sentiments were expressed in the following petitions; "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak; strengthen me with strength in my soul." The divine answer was made good to her, and afforded the relief she needed; "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect through weakness. The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy." She was then enabled to say, with humble confidence, 'I am weak indeed, but Christ is strong; I am poor, but he is rich; I am sick, but he is the Physician; I am a sinner, but he is the Saviour of sinners. I

find in him every thing answerable to my needs.' His atoning sacrifice gave relief to her wounded conscience, and joy to her desponding heart. Renouncing all confidence in the flesh, she, from this period looked for all her salvation from the Redeemer's cross. The following plain verses, she said, expressed the language of her heart :

Thou God of all grace,
Whom angels adore,
My crimes I confess,
And mercy implore ;
Let guilt be removed,
And now let me be,
In Christ the Beloved,
Accepted with thee.

He yielded to death
The lost to redeem,
And they are, through faith,
Made righteous in him ;
Renew'd by his Spirit,
And wash'd in his blood,
They rise to inherit
The kingdom of God.

Lord, why should I doubt ?
Thy mercy is free,

And

And none are cast out
Who come unto thee.
Thy glorious salvation
I languish to know;
From all condemnation
Deliver me now.

Expos'd to thy wrath
I own I have been,
Deserving of death
Because of my sin;
Yet Jesus the Saviour
Of sinners has dy'd,
And all do find favour
Who in him confide.

I hope in thy word,
Thy promise of grace,
Then grant me, O Lord,
The smiles of thy face;
On Jesus relying,
Thy grace I implore,
And, living or dying,
I ask for no more.

When her disorder began to prevail, she earnestly requested me to visit her as often as my other concerns would permit. I soon found her intelligent and conversable upon divine subjects, far beyond what I expected.

Her

Her conceptions of the way of salvation were clear, her faith in the Redeemer steady, and her hope lively. Flattering expectations were sometimes raised respecting her recovery. The ablest physicians attended her, and every method was adopted in order to restore her debilitated frame ; but though she was often relieved, and the threatening symptoms checked for a season, yet, to the great distress of her affectionate parents, she visibly declined in strength, and wasted away by slow degrees.

When a minister is called to visit the afflicted, he often finds himself under great embarrassment. To discourse with them concerning death, and the necessity of being prepared for that awful event, is thought harsh and severe. He that would deal faithfully with them, and admonish them of their danger, needs not expect to be often invited. But this was far, very far from being the case with our young Friend. She knew herself to be in dying circumstances, and had no wish to be told that there was hope of recovery. Though her expectations of a temporal kind were considerable, she freely relinquished

quished them all, and became not only indifferent to all earthly things, but actually dead to them. She might well say,

'Tis finish'd now, the great deciding part,
The world's subdu'd, and heaven has all my heart.

When she saw her affectionate mother weeping by her, she always endeavoured to comfort her, by such words as these, 'Mamma, do not weep for me, I am quite happy; I have no wish to live; if I might have life by wishing for it, I should rather chuse to die, and go to my Redeemer.' Such entire victory over the world, in one of her years, and circumstanced as she was, is very uncommon, and can only be the effect of that faith which overcometh the world, as it is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

When I read to her some select portion of the divine word, she listened with the most ardent attention, and often signified how comforting and supporting it was to her mind. Though her weakness and pain increased from week to week, she never seemed to be weary of religious exercises. Her request,

request, when I left her, generally was, 'Come again soon,' or, 'When will you favour me with another visit?' When prevented by other engagements from attending her at the time she expected me, I sometimes transmitted to her a few hasty lines, which I knew to be expressive of the sentiments of her mind. These she presently committed to memory, and adopted as her own. Permit me, Madam, to present you with a few of them.

Faith views the great Redeemer's blood
A sacrifice for sin,
That sinners, reconcil'd to God,
Might live a life divine.

Faith glories only in his cross,
And nought would know beside ;
What was my gain I count but loss,
For Jesus crucify'd.

My foes he vanquish'd on the tree ;
Faith now can joyful sing,
" O grave where is thy victory ?
O death, where is thy sting ?"

Let death dissolve this mortal frame,
The dust return to dust ;
Jesus, in thy almighty name
My soul doth humbly trust.

Faith looks beyond the darksome tomb,
To realms of endless day,
And cries, ' Lord Jesus, quickly come,
And fetch my soul away !'

THOU Sov'reign of my heart,
On whom my hopes depend,
Assure my conscience that thou art
My everlasting Friend.

Low at thy feet I lie
Oppress'd with sin and grief ;
Look on me with a pitying eye,
And grant my soul relief.

Where else can sinners go
But to thy gracious throne ?
No other help or hope I know,
But in the Lord alone.

A wand'rer I have been
In folly's crooked ways ;
Cleanse my polluted soul from sin,
Through thy unbounded grace.

My follies I confess ;
Before thy feet I fall ;
Be thou my strength, my righteousness,
My portion, and my all.

Eternal

Eternal life is thine ;
That life to me impart ;
With light, and peace, and joy divine,
Fill my desponding heart.

Then patient I can lie
Beneath affliction's load,
Waiting till thou shalt bid me die,
And leave this dark abode.

For thou wilt surely come
To set my spirit free,
And take me to my heav'nly home,
That I may dwell with thee.

The Resignation.

MY times, O God, are in thy hand ;
My soul submissive lies,
Waiting for thy divine command
To call me to the skies.

The regions of eternal peace
Ere long I hope to see ;
Sign, gracious Lord, my sweet release,
And take me home to thee !

Why

Why should I be of death afraid,
If thou art with me there?
Though I walk through its darkest shade,
I will not yield to fear.

Supported by thy sov'reign love,
And clasp'd in thine embrace,
My willing soul would mount above,
To see thy blissful face.

Yet if thy gracious will ordain
My stay on earth a while,
Dear Lord, my fainting heart sustain,
And cheer me with thy smile.

If thou my soul with lively faith,
And heav'nly comfort fill,
In pain or sickness, life or death,
I'll welcome all thy will.

All the vain hopes of earthly bliss
I cheerfully resign,
Since God himself my portion is,
And shall be ever mine.

My friends and relatives below,
Ye objects of my love,
I bid a short farewell to you,
For we shall meet above.

Longing for Dismission.

IN thy dear name alone I trust,
My Saviour and my God ;
Thy righteousness is all my boast,
And thy most precious blood.

Didst thou not leave thy blest abode
To suffer, bleed and die ?
And rising mark the happy road
Which leads to realms on high ?

To thee my ardent wishes rise ;
O take me to thy breast !
I long to meet thee in the skies,
And claim the promis'd rest.

My strength declines, my spirits droop,
Support me by thy pow'r ;
Thou art my everlasting hope,
My refuge and my tow'r.

I long to see thy blissful face,
And bow before thy throne,
Where glory beams with brightest rays,
To mortal eyes unknown.

With heav'nly prospects full in sight,
And dead to all below,
I wait thy signal for my flight
From all these scenes of woe.

I bid

I bid adieu to mortal things,
To mortal joys and cares ;
Bear me, blest angels, on your wings,
Beyond the shining stars.

I'll gladly quit this dusky sphere,
To reach the heavenly plains ;
My treasure and my heart are there,
There my Redeemer reigns.

There pain and sickness never come ;
There tears are wip'd away ;
Youth triumphs in immortal bloom,
And pleasures ne'er decay.

MY last visit to her was on Sunday evening, Sep. 22. I found her extremely ill, but supported amidst her agonies by a lively hope of celestial felicity, and full of heavenly comfort. A deadly coldness had already begun to seize her emaciated hand. I told her, her warfare was nearly accomplished ; she replied, with the sweetest composure, ' I hope it is.' She wished me once more to assist her devotions, and particularly to pray for her release ; I endeavoured to do so, in a few short petitions, commending her soul to the hands

of her Redeemer, whom having not seen she loved ; in which she appeared to join, in the most fervent manner. After having suggested a few consolatory hints, with a view to confirm her faith in the last conflict, I took my leave, not expecting to see her again till we should meet in the world of spirits. Her cough was incessantly troublesome, her pain, in every part, very great, and her weakness not to be described.

Soon after I left her, she desired to be moved, and feeling the springs of life begin to fail, she said to her attendants, ' It is now over,' or words to that purpose. She appeared to be perfectly sensible, calm and composed to the last, often saying, as long as she could be heard to speak, ' Come, Lord Jesus !' At half past nine, she breathed out her happy spirit into the bosom of him who had long marked her for his own.

She in a sacred calm resign'd her breath,
And as her eyelids clos'd, she smil'd in death.

The sight of her corpse brought to remembrance the words of Dr. Young, on a like occasion,

' Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay.'

Though

Though she was much endeared to her friends, yet they could not but desire to see the time of her release. Her sufferings were great, and long-continued; but never did I see, in a young person (for she was but just turned of fifteen) such a pattern of sweet resignation, of dignified patience, of noble fortitude, and of entire deadness to every thing below. Her heart and her hopes were above. Death was not to her the object of dread, but of desire. She settled every little circumstance of a temporal nature, in the prospect of her end, with the utmost composure, and talked of dying as of going some pleasant journey. 'What my dear Miss,' said one of her attendants, 'are you not afraid of the pains of death?' She assured her, that she felt no terror in that respect, for her merciful Saviour was able to support her. She often said, under her sharpest pains, 'I am very happy; I would not change situations with any one living.' The little stock of money she had in her possession, she divided into small sums, and sent them to the most needy and deserving objects she could remember.

Her parents, Madam, as you will suppose, are in great trouble. This to them is breach

upon breach, as it is not long since they parted with their oldest daughter, in much the same way. But I hope they will be enabled to consider, that it is the Lord's doing, who has but taken what he first gave. If they are bereaved of their amiable children, they have enjoyed them as long as God intended they should; and though the parting stroke is painful, they have this ground of solid consolation in both instances, their dear offspring have obtained the object which they both earnestly desired; for, before they left the world, they longed to depart, and to be with Christ. They were both the comfort and joy of their parents while living, but they are now gone to the arms of their heavenly Father. They both languished long between life and death, a circumstance which serves to reconcile the most affectionate relatives to the closing scene.

I will freely own, Madam, that my heart is deeply affected on the present occasion. It is some relief to relate these circumstances to you. I am assured of your sympathy; for you have a mind susceptible of tender feelings. But our sorrow is on these occasions mingled with joy. It is said, when *Barnabas* came

came to *Antioch*, and had seen the grace of God in the converts there, he was glad. I must acknowledge, that I never saw the grace of God more evidently manifested, in its blessed influence, than in these two amiable children.

How happy are those that die in the faith of Jesus ! What sacred peace, what divine transports, what emotions of love, of joy and of confidence do they then experience ! As the outward man perishes, the inward man gains strength and vigour. The bed of death dignifies the believer, and renders him an object worthy the notice of men and angels. It is there that he appears victorious over the world. He is in the world without taking a part in its concerns. He is in the body, without being attached to it. He rejoices in hope of the glory of God. He walks with tranquillity through the valley of the shadow of death. He fears no evil amidst all the objects of dread ; for his God is with him, and supports him in his final hour. His faith penetrates through the clouds of mortality which yet surround him. He looks within the veil, and beholds his gracious Redeemer ready to receive him. He sees the eternal

nal inheritance for which he has so often sighed; the heavenly home where he longs to be. He has in prospect the city of the living God, filled with the glory of his presence, where holy souls enjoy those unspeakable pleasures which the Almighty has prepared for them that love him. He considers himself as on the borders of the heavenly land, the inheritance of the saints in light, the dwelling-place of the righteous, with whom he hopes shortly to unite, in singing the song of Moses and of the Lamb for ever and ever. He hears the voice of his Beloved saying unto him, 'The hour is approaching, when thou shalt quit the world, where thou hast been a stranger and a pilgrim. The time of trial and of tribulation with thee is nearly finished. The bonds of mortality shall quickly be broken, and thou shalt be received to the bosom of thy Redeemer. The celestial gates are open for thee. The church of the first-born waits to welcome thee home. Thy mortal frame, which thou must leave for a while, shall shortly follow thee. Though it return to dust, it shall be raised again immortal and glorious.'

Under

Under impressions excited on the late solemn occasion, impressions which I hope no length of time will efface, I subscribe myself,

Dear Madam,

Your affectionate Friend,

And obedient Servant,

Sep. 30, 1799.

J. F.

ELEGY.

Tis finish'd— the conflict is past,
The heav'n-born spirit is fled ;
Her wish is accomplish'd at last ;
Eliza now ranks with the dead.

The months of affliction are o'er,
The days and the nights of distress,
We see her in anguish no more ;
She has gained her happy release.

She waited her Saviour's will,
With patience and meekness divine,
Then, welcoming death with a smile,
Did gladly her spirit resign.

No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
Shall ever disquiet her now ;
For death to Eliza was gain,
Since Christ was her life when below.

He

He gathers his lambs with his arm,
And calleth them home to his breast,
No danger is there to alarm,
No envious foe to molest.

Her soul has now taken its flight,
To mansions of glory above,
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love,

The scenes of distress which are past
Then let us remember no more;
Eliza is sweetly releas'd,
And all her affliction is o'er.

The victory now is obtain'd;
She's gone her dear Saviour to see;
Her wishes she fully has gain'd,
She's now where she longed to be.

The coffin, the shroud, and the grave,
To her were no objects of dread;
On Him, who is mighty to save,
Her soul was with confidence stay'd.

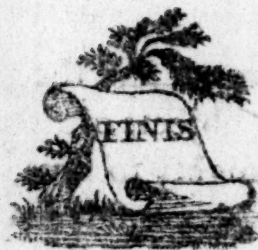
Her corpse in the sepulchre lies,
With Harriet her sister interr'd;
When Jesus appears in the skies,
He'll raise them to life by his word.

The

The tomb shall its treasure resign,
When once the grand signal is giv'n,
The Sisters in glory shall shine
As bright as the angels in heav'n.

Then let us forbear to complain,
That they are remov'd from our sight;
We hope we shall see them again,
With new and redoubl'd delight.

In faith, expectation, and love,
We'll wait till our warfare be o'er,
Then join with the blessed above,
Where parting is dreaded no more.



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